V. 10
#5

Movie CLASSIC

10 CENTS

JULY
NSC

JUN 6 1936
PERIODICAL DIVISION

Charles Sheldon

ANITA LOUISE

CRISES IN MYRNA LOY'S LIFE

HE WOMEN WHO WENT MAD OVER NELSON EDDY



I'VE DISCOVERED AMERICA !"

"'*See America first!*' I've heard that phrase all my life—but it was just another slogan until I made this memorable Greyhound bus trip. Starting on the east coast, we swung clear around the continent, westward by one great highway, returning east another—and this was only one of several coast-to-coast circle tours that Greyhound offered me!

"Now I've revised the old slogan . . . for you '*See America BEST*' when you travel by Greyhound! I've met and made friends with the *real* America—its kindly, interesting people, its surpassing natural beauty, its mountain grandeur and desert magic, huge cities and charming country towns.

"And what a comfortable way to explore—in a big Greyhound motor bus, among congenial fellow travelers, with one of America's finest drivers at the wheel. The cost of my trip was less than gasoline and oil for a small private auto. Let me mention just a few of my delightful memories:



"Our big bus paused in the Delaware Water Gap while passengers marveled at the towering mountain walls—the sparkling ribbon of river below us.



"When we stopped in a grove of giant California redwoods it took fifteen of us stretching our arms wide, to circle one of those tremendous trees.



"We actually visited a foreign land! Stopping at El Paso, we couldn't resist crossing the Rio Grande bridge into glamorous old Juarez.



"Everyone smiled when that starry-eyed young couple got off the bus at Niagara Falls. As if we didn't know all the time where they were bound!



"As our bus was ferried across San Francisco's Golden Gate, we could look up and see workmen spinning the cables of the world's mightiest bridge.



"The romance of the real West came to life again at Dallas—where we spent many fascinating hours at the Texas Centennial Exposition.



"From the Greyhound Terminal in Cleveland, we could clearly see the Great Lakes Exposition—so we stopped over for an exciting day.



"Imagine—masts of a ship sticking out of a grassy hillside, with sailors at work in the rigging! Crazy? No, just a movie location near Hollywood.



"Grand old southern melodies! They came floating through the star-filled night as we stopped for dinner near an Alabama plantation.



"What a thrill—when a tiny fawn burst from the woods, scampered across our highway, and went splashing through a Minnesota stream!



"Of course, we stopped off for a day at the San Diego Exposition—even lovelier this second year—and Agua Caliente only a few minutes away.



"Our Greyhound bus actually passed right over the top of Virginia's amazing Natural Bridge—in beautiful Shenandoah Valley.



"Yes, sir, the bears ate right out of my hand, in Yellowstone National Park! I wouldn't have missed that short side trip for anything in the world.



"I can never forget that wrinkled old Indian woman who sold me the clever little hand-woven basket, beside the Apache Trail of Arizona.



"As we rolled down Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, a brilliant military parade swung along, only a few feet from our bus windows."

"So there are some of the highlights of my Greyhound trip. Why don't you plan just such a journey of exploration for yourself? Whether you travel a few miles or a few thousand, Greyhound offers the most interesting way, and by far the most economical." *The coupon below will bring complete information on any trip you may plan—or you can step into the nearest Greyhound office, (or telephone) to secure rates and schedules. Start now, by mailing this coupon.*

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San Francisco, Cal. . . . . Pine & Battery Streets
Ft. Worth, Tex., 8th & Commerce Sts.
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Minneapolis, Minn. . . . . 509 Sixth Avenue, N.
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London, England, A. B. Reynoldson, 49 Leadenhall Street

The GREYHOUND LINES

SEND FOR PICTORIAL FOLDERS, TRIP INFORMATION

Send this coupon to nearest information office, listed at left, for interesting pictorial folders about Texas Centennial Exposition ☐, Great Lakes Exposition ☐, San Diego Exposition ☐. (Check which one.) If you have some other trip in mind, jot it down on this line, and we will send full information.

Information on trip to_____

Name_____

Address _____ FW-7

"Barbarous!"

A HOSTESS AND A DENTIST BATTLE OVER A T-BONE

"Intelligent!"



SAYS HOSTESS

SAYS DENTIST



(*But the civilized way to build firm gums is* IPANA *and* MASSAGE)

HOSTESS: "Your picture is disgraceful. No girl with a spark of intelligence or breeding would ever eat like that." *(But your dentist disagrees—emphatically.)*

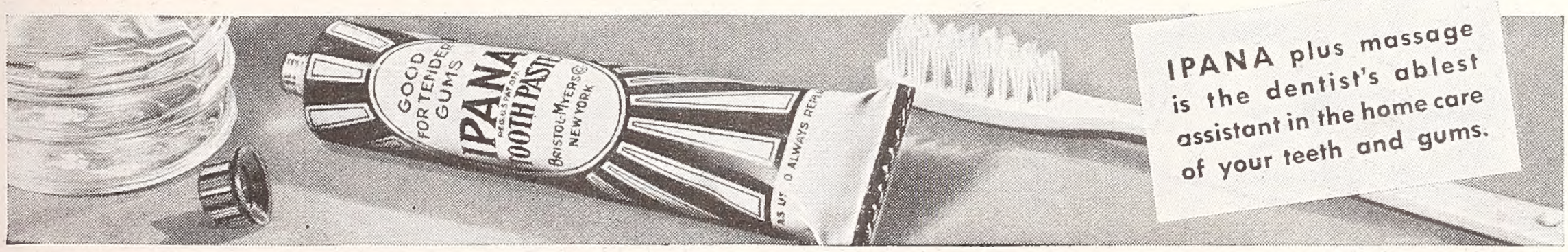
DENTIST: "That picture is a perfect lesson in the proper exercise of teeth and gums. I hope millions of people see it. If more people chewed as vigorously, there would be far fewer gum disorders—fewer evidences of that dental warning 'pink tooth brush'."

Check up on your own menu, and you will see the dentist's point. The modern menu is a soft-food menu. It deprives teeth and gums of the work and exercise and stimulation they need. No wonder gums grow weak and tender—no wonder "pink tooth brush" is such a common warning.

"Pink Tooth Brush" is serious

The first sign of that tinge of "pink" calls for a visit to your dentist. You may be in for serious trouble. But he is far more likely to tell you to take better care of your gums, to give them more stimulation, more exercise. And he may tell you—he usually does—to switch to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. *Follow his advice.* Rub a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth! For Ipana is especially designed to help your gums *as well* as clean your teeth. You'll soon notice an improvement in the health of your gums. New circulation wakens lazy tissues. Gums grow stronger. They feel firmer. They look better.

So switch to Ipana today. The first ten days of Ipana and massage will show an improvement. And thirty days will convince you that you should have changed to this modern, sensible health measure long ago.





The M-G-M Lion is the Symbol that signifies Joy on the Screen. Miss Entertainment picks Leo to ride to victory!

THE WINNER!

METRO · GOLDWYN · MAYER

We're taking space in this magazine to tell you to keep your eye on Leo, the M-G-M Lion!

He's had the best year of his career what with grand entertainments like "Mutiny on the Bounty", "China Seas", "Broadway Melody of '36", "A Night at the Opera", "Rose Marie" and all the other great M-G-M hits! And of course there's "The Great Ziegfeld", now playing in selected cities as a road-show attraction and not to be shown otherwise this season.

But *(pardon his Southern accent)* Leo says: "You ain't seen nuthin' yet!" . . . On this page is just part of the happy M-G-M family of stars. Look them over. You'll find most of the screen's famed personalities and great talents on Leo's list. They will appear in the big Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions that are now in the making and planned for months to come.

Ask the Manager of the theatre that plays M-G-M pictures about the marvelous entertainments he is arranging to show. And when Leo roars, settle back in your seat for real enjoyment!

WATCH FOR THEM!
Norma Shearer
Leslie Howard
in "Romeo and Juliet"
Clark Gable
Jeanette MacDonald
in "San Francisco"
Jean Harlow
Franchot Tone *in* "Suzy"
Robert Montgomery
Myrna Loy
in "Love on the Run"
And M-G-M's Big Road Show
"THE GREAT ZIEGFELD"


Norma Shearer


Joan Crawford


Greta Garbo


Clark Gable

William Powell

Myrna Loy

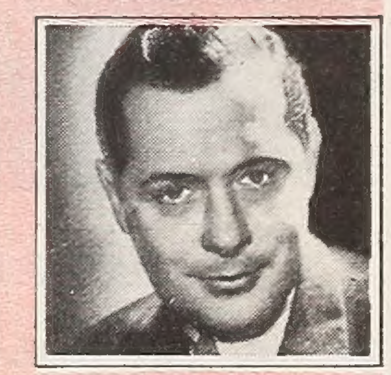

Jeanette MacDonald


Nelson Eddy


Luise Rainer


Jean Harlow


Wallace Beery


Robt. Montgomery


Eleanor Powell


Freddie Bartholomew


Robert Taylor


The Marx Brothers


Charles Laughton


Laurel & Hardy


Jackie Cooper


Lionel Barrymore


John Barrymore


Spencer Tracy

SORRY! WE DIDN'T HAVE SPACE FOR THEIR PHOTOS! MORE M-G-M STARS

Franchot Tone, Robert Young, Rosalind Russell, Frank Morgan, Edna May Oliver, Reginald Owen, Virginia Bruce, Nat Pendleton, Lewis Stone, Johnny Weissmuller, Jean Hersholt, Ted Healy, Allan Jones, Buddy Ebsen, Joseph Calleia, Maureen O'Sullivan, Una Merkel, Chester Morris, Stuart Erwin, Bruce Cabot, Elizabeth Allan, Brian Aherne, Charles Butterworth, Madge Evans, Frances Langford, Eric Linden, June Knight, Ann Loring, Robert Benchley, Jean Parker, May Robson, Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Harvey Stephens, etc.

JUN -1 1936

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New!

Movie Classic is now written and edited completely in Hollywood, to bring you new features, stories and photos . . . with news that is NEW!

MOVIE CLASSIC

EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD

JULY, 1936
VOL. 10 No. 5

ERIC ERGENBRIGHT
Editor

JACK SMALLEY
Managing Editor



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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Her Tennis Stroke is *Correctly Timed*



—too bad her *laxative* wasn't!

HER SWING is a marvel of precision and timing . . . What a pity she didn't know that *correct timing* is vital in a laxative, too!

You see, when you take a laxative into your system, you can't afford to take chances. Look out for harsh, over-acting cathartics that might upset you, nauseate you, cause stomach pains, leave you weak and dragged down. Such laxatives abuse you internally. Their after-effects are unpleasant, sometimes dangerous.

DEMAND CORRECT TIMING

Just what is meant by correct timing in a laxative? Simply this: a correctly timed laxative takes from 6 to 8 hours to be effective. Its action is gentle and g-r-a-d-u-a-l, yet completely thorough.

Ex-Lax is just such a laxative. It won't throw your system out of rhythm. No stomach pains, no nausea. No unpleasant after-effects of any sort. Ex-Lax works so naturally that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

PLEASANT TO TAKE

Ex-Lax is not only kind to your system —it's kind to your taste, too. Its flavor is just like smooth, delicious chocolate. All druggists sell Ex-Lax in economical 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. Get a box today!

When Nature forgets— remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Now You're *Talking*

Movie Classic's readers have the floor—and we solicit their straight-from-the-shoulder ideas



Betty Furness, after several years of unimportant bits, has suddenly gained new prominence. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer plans to star her in the near future

$15 Prize Letter

Oversold and Bored—Experts tell us there is a fatigue point beyond which our attention falters. I found mine when I encountered the double bill—two full length pictures, news reel and short. It reminds me of victrola records. There's the one you buy—and the other side. The second movie is rarely of much interest, but if you have any Scotch blood, you punish yourself by sitting through both. One evening I sat for four hours! The double bill defeats its purpose. It gives too much for the money. It satiates your appetite, so that you don't want any more movies for a long time.—*Mrs. J. B. Hughes, Fort Peck, Montana.*

$10 Prize Letter

Biography Begins at Home—Biographical pictures are definitely in! During the past few years several important pictures have been produced: *Henry VIII, Queen Christina, Voltaire, Cardinal Richelieu, Louis Pasteur*, and others. *Mary of Scotland* is in production, and several others are scheduled for immediate work. Indeed, these pictures are a great boon to the students of European history, and romance-seeking movie fans. But what about the student of American history, and incidentally, the American citizen?

America has seen the rise of many great men. Why should the beauty and drama of their lives be forgotten under the deluge of European heroes and heroines? George Washington, Nathan Hale, Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, and numerous other great Americans offer virgin material for use in motion picture productions, that would be inspirations to all who might see them. Why should the theater-going public be denied such an inspiration?—*Miss June Snively, Simi, California.*

$5 Prize Letter

Three Cheers For Love—I think I'm no different from most working girl movie fans. I'm sick of reality. I want romance, jasmine, strawberries and water lily ponds when I go to the movies. You can have your platform discussions of moot questions. You can have your *Tobacco Road*, your *Mutiny on the Bounty* and your *Story of Louis Pasteur*. Good films, and a good play I'll grant you. But give me, *Wife vs. Secretary; Petticoat Fever* and love that isn't on a dole!—*Virginia Smith, Easton, Pennsylvania.*

$1 Prize Letters

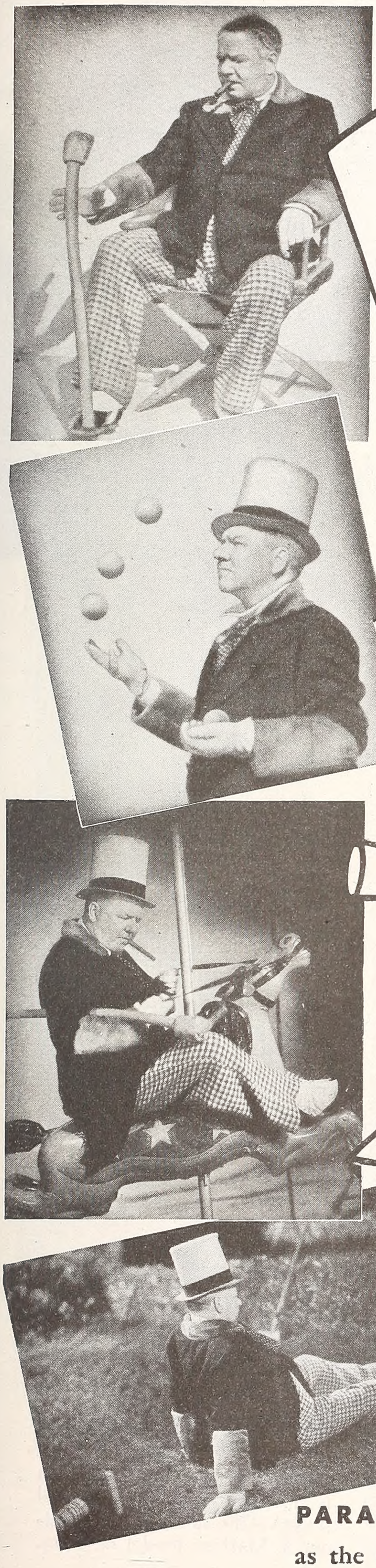
Duplicate Weddings—Since movies afford me a great deal of pleasure, I hate to be critical, but just had to get this off my mind.

The closing sequences of *The Bride Comes Home* featured a wedding ceremony interspersed with the angry protestations of the bride and groom. All very amusing and undeniably "different." Then, Carole Lombard and Preston Foster rant and rear at each other during their wedding in *Love Before Breakfast*. This, also, brought the desired laughs, but was unmistakably a duplication of Miss Colbert's film. Well, I let that pass without remarks, but the last straw was when I heard advance scenes from *The Moon's Our Home* on the radio the other night. There was that wedding ceremony again, with the three principals shouting at each other!!

Really, three times in such quick succession is too much. And, aside from boring repetition, there are those of us who regard the marriage ceremony as sacred and not a subject for ridicule.—*Kathryn W. Jacocks, Norfolk, Virginia.*

[*Continued on page* 17]

MOVIE CLASSIC urges its readers to take the floor and present on this page their candid opinions of pictures and stars. Each month MOVIE CLASSIC offers these cash prizes for the best letters: (1) $15; (2) $10; (3) $5; all others published, $1 each. The editors will be the sole judges and reserve the right to publish all or part of any letter received. Write your letter now—to MOVIE CLASSIC'S Letter Editor, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.





W. C. FIELDS

in

"POPPY"

During summer months Hollywood stars play on land and sea



Neptune's *Problem Children*



Anita Louise takes a swim in her pool each morning before leaving for the studio.

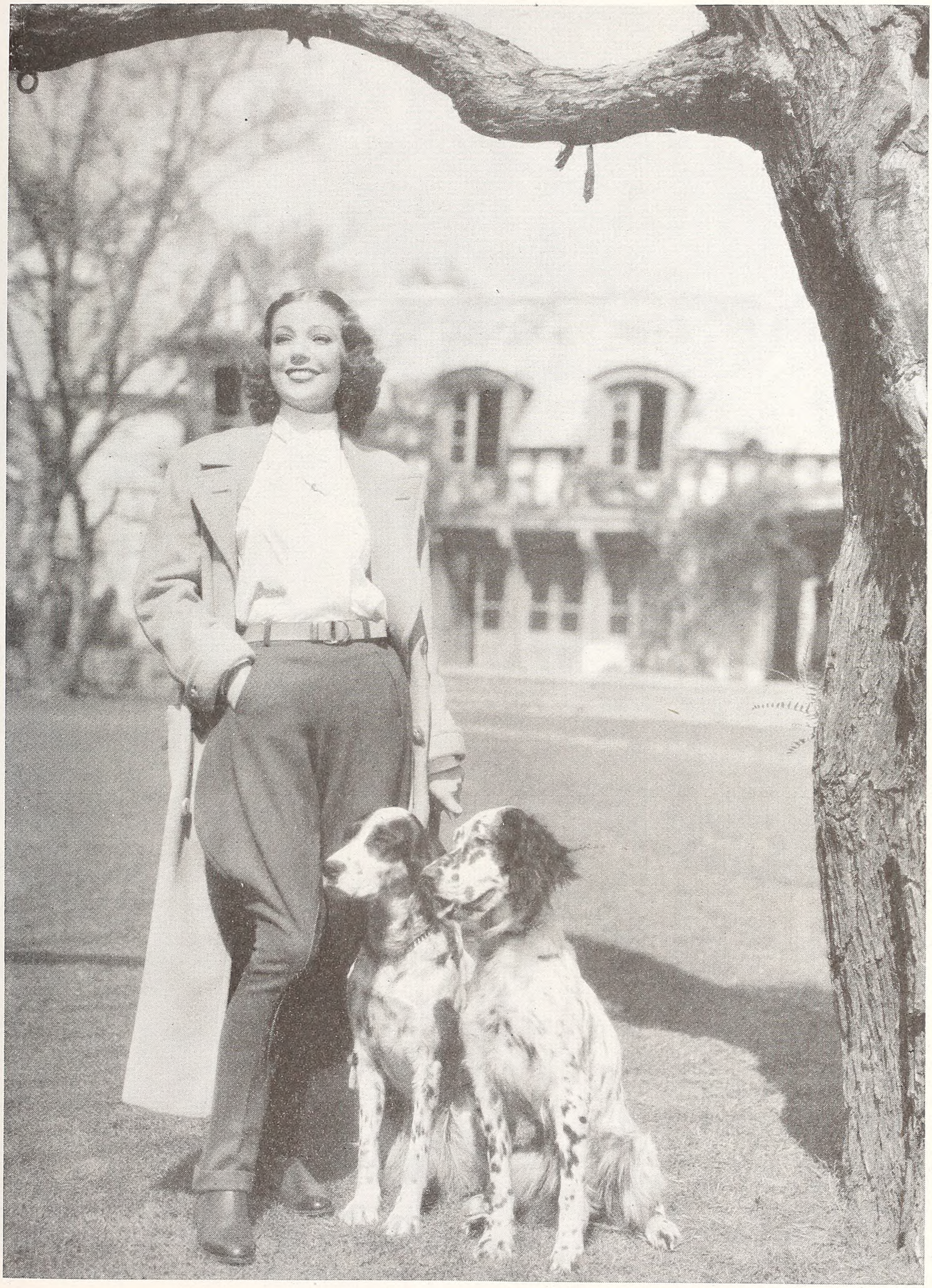
Dorothy Stone is seen wearing an attractive Jantzen suit of bright blue with a very low cut back, grand for sun tanning.





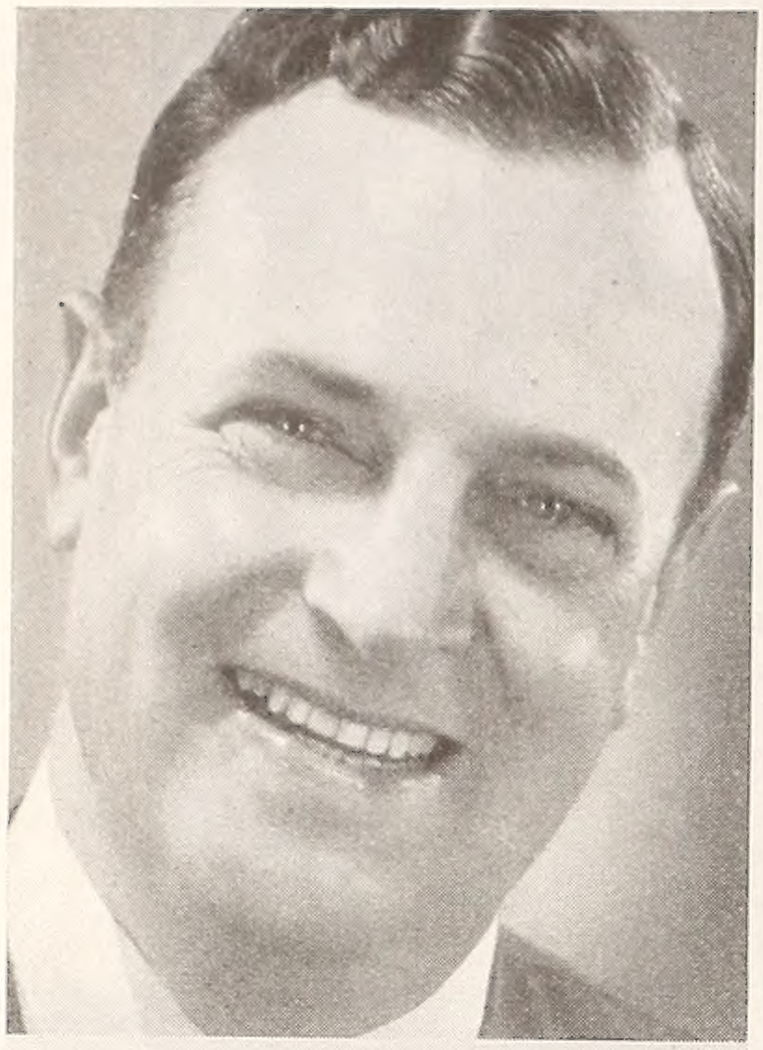
Navy blue and white polka dot in a one piece Catalina suit is the choice of the Warner Bros' player, Olivia de Haviland.

Waiting for her ship to come in is Priscilla Lawson, Universal player. The suit is a new Gantner & Mattern model in white.



Loretta Young

Fully recovered from her recent illness, Loretta has just completed work in *Private Number,* for Twentieth Century-Fox, in which she co-stars with Robert Taylor. Her telephone constantly transmits calls from Director Eddie Southerland, whom Dame Rumor insists she will soon marry



"I'll take G-E's word for it . . .
when they say Edison MAZDA
lamps *stay brighter longer*
that's all I want to know"



Edison MAZDA lamps do *stay brighter longer* than lamps less skillfully made. This fact is not surprising when you consider the millions of dollars and the more than 40 years General Electric has spent in research. During the manufacture of these lamps, more than 480 tests and inspections are made to guard against imperfections costly to the user. When you buy an inferior lamp you may save a few cents on first cost—but in the long run you are likely to lose dollars in wasted electricity. To be sure of good light at low cost, always look for this mark Ⓖ on the bulb of every lamp you buy. Prices are now the lowest in history.

THE G-E "DIME" LAMP. The first real value in a 10 cent lamp. Comes in the following sizes, 60, 30, 15 and 7½ watts. It is marked like this . . . . . GE

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC



Madeleine Carroll

Seldom has an importation from Europe created a greater furor in Hollywood than has this beautiful English star, whose first picture under her new starring contract with Walter Wanger is now ready for release. Its title is *The Case Against Mrs. Ames*

Here's JOAN BLONDELL caring for a million-dollar skin



STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS' "COLLEEN"

Here's a girl like YOU who's learned Joan Blondell's beauty secret









Use cosmetics all you wish but don't risk Cosmetic Skin

IT'S foolish for any girl to risk the tiny blemishes and enlarged pores that mean Cosmetic Skin!

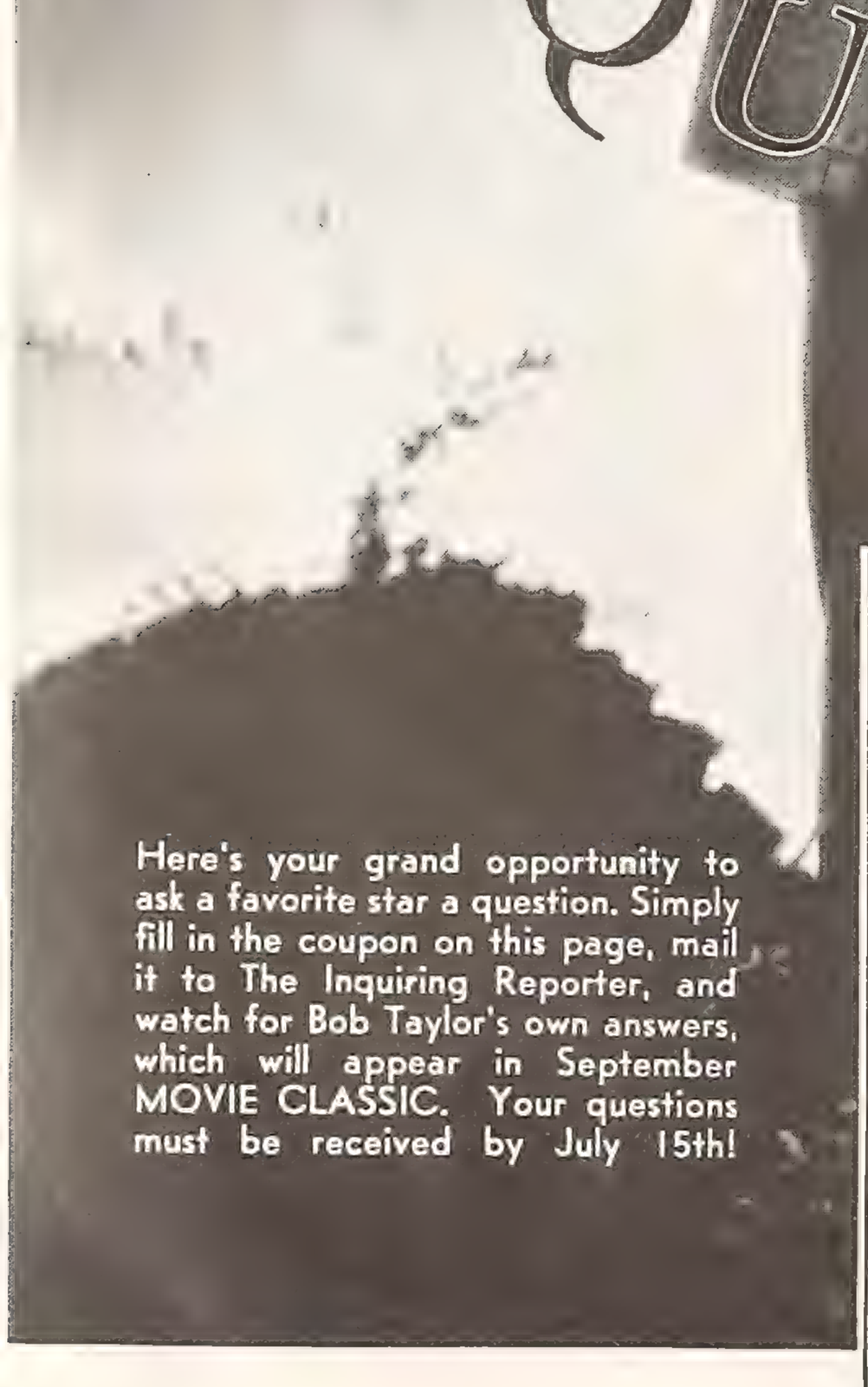
Guard against this danger with Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIVE lather removes *thoroughly* every trace of dust, dirt, stale powder and rouge. Don't take chances with dangerous *choked* pores! Cosmetic Skin develops *gradually*. To *protect* your skin, follow this simple rule:

Before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed, use pure, white Lux Toilet Soap. This care keeps million-dollar complexions flawless!

ROBERT TAYLOR

ASSIGNED A QUESTION





Here's your grand opportunity to ask a favorite star a question. Simply fill in the coupon on this page, mail it to The Inquiring Reporter, and watch for Bob Taylor's own answers, which will appear in September MOVIE CLASSIC. Your questions must be received by July 15th!

The Inquiring Reporter,
Movie Classic Magazine,
7046 Hollywood Blvd.,
Hollywood, Calif.

Please ask Robert Taylor the following questions, answers to which will appear in the September issue of Movie Classic.

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

Your name_____

Delicious Recipes

Straight from the Kitchens of Hollywood's Favorite Hostesses

MOVIE CLASSIC offers you the favorite recipes of film stars! Each celebrity has personally autographed his selection and they have been kitchen tested by a noted food expert.

The recipes are printed on a punched leaflet to fit an 8½ x 11 loose-leaf notebook.

Just Send a Three Cent Stamp for Each Leaflet You Need!

- Heather Angel's Salads
- Valeria Hobson's Casserole Dishes
- Mona Barrie's Favorite Soups
- Tuna Recipes from Jim Cagney
- Leftover Surprises from Sally Eilers
- Mae Clarke's Favorite Cakes
- Adrienne Ames' Apple Recipes
- Raquel Torres' Mexican Dishes
- Andy Devine's After Dinner Snacks
- E. G. Robinson's Honey Cakes
- Margaret Sullavan's Tasty Puddings
- Raisin Recipes from Noah Berry, Jr.
- Pinky Tomlin's Favorite Hot Breads
- Cottage Cheese Delights from Binnie Barnes
- Savory Ham Dishes from Gloria Stuart

For information, write to Dorothy Dwan, Movie Classic Food Editor, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California. No inquiries answered unless a STAMPED, SELF ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ENCLOSED!

Now Pursued... *instead of* Shunned!



She found the lovelier way

TO AVOID OFFENDING

Daintily fragrant, so alluring ... since she bathes with this exquisite perfumed soap!

IT keeps you dainty in *two ways* ... this lovely Cashmere Bouquet!

First, with its rich, deep-cleansing lather, which frees you so completely from any danger of body odor. *And then,* with its lovely, flower-like scent, Cashmere Bouquet brings you the lingering fragrance you would get from a costly imported perfume.

For Cashmere Bouquet is not just an ordinary scented soap!

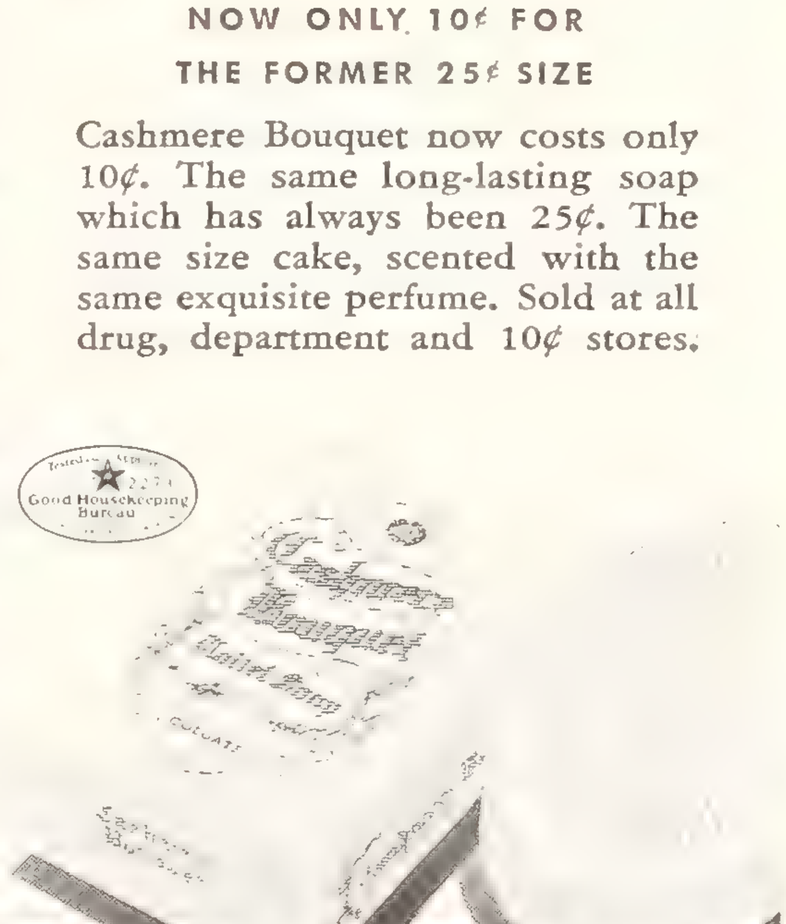
Its fragrance comes from a delicate blend of 17 costly perfumes. That is why, long after your bath, Cashmere Bouquet's elusive fragrance still clings glamorously about you!

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too. Its lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics from every pore; makes your skin alluringly clear and smooth.



NOW ONLY 10¢ FOR THE FORMER 25¢ SIZE

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢. The same long-lasting soap which has always been 25¢. The same size cake, scented with the same exquisite perfume. Sold at all drug, department and 10¢ stores.



BATHE WITH Cashmere Bouquet

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING



Speaking of FIT

Permanent Fit is the First Essential in a swimming suit. Many suits fit satisfactorily in the try-on-rooms. Not so many a month later. Week after week, month after month, a Jantzen fits perfectly. It's America's finest-fitting swimming suit. The magic of Jantzen-stitch literally molds it to your body with an amazing degree of figure control.

ROSALIND KEITH ... *appearing in Paramount Pictures, wears the* Jantzen BRÄ-TUCK, $5.95. *Other Jantzen models* $4.50 *to* $8.95.

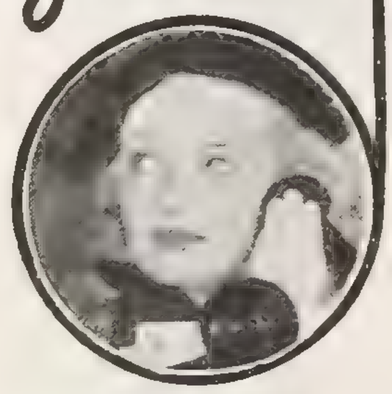
Jantzen
molded-fit
swimming suits

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS (Dept. 282), Portland, Ore
Please send style folder in colors, featuring new 1936 models
WOMEN'S ☐ MEN'S ☐
Name _____
Address _____



Behind-the-scene news and gossip about Filmland's pictures and stars—an up-to-the-minute report of the latest happenings

Party line in Hollywood



By ERIC ERGENBRIGHT

REPORTS coming in over the Party Line this past month indicate that the great American passion for football will be well represented on the screen this fall. Almost every studio is now starting production on at least one pigskin drama. At Paramount, production work has already started on *Rose Bowl,* which will feature Johnny Downs and the ex-Notre Dame great, Nick Lukats. RKO has also started the cameras grinding on an original gridiron epic, entitled *The Big Game.*

Private Party, Please

Shirley Temple celebrated her eighth birthday with a party for some 150 youngsters in the famous Cafe de Paris on the studio lot. And, by special mandate of Her Majesty, no photographers were allowed to be present. It seems that last year, at her party, she was photographed so often that she filed a bitter complaint.

"Can't I even have a birthday party without having to pose for pictures all the time," she wailed.

This year, in spite of the fact that her party was not given "advance publicity," she received more than one thousand birthday cakes from her admirers. The governor of Tennessee contributed a gigantic pastry shaped exactly like the Tennessee capital building. Most of them, after being viewed and "Oh'ed and Ah'ed" over by Shirley, were sent to the various children's clinics.

Always Colorful

Mae West, she of the luscious undulations, cut in on the Party Line the other day, and, while she didn't make any positive statements, she did hint that her next picture will be filmed in natural color. And *that* shouldn't detract from the allure of that "Come up 'an see me, sometime," for Mae has a complexion that is envied by most of Hollywood's professional beauties. Probably she'll have to re-phrase her famous line in Spanish, for I understand her next opus will have a Mexican locale.

Charlie Chan Abroad

A postcard from Warner Oland, who is touring China with Mrs. Oland and their son, indicates that he is having the time of his life being feted on bird's nest soup, antique eggs and shark fins. It surprised me to learn that China now has 257 up-to-date movie houses, an army of red-hot movie fans and several screen magazines. Incidentally, local Chinese inform me that Warner Oland is the prime favorite in China. The Chinese consider him a more authentic Oriental than Keye Luke.

A Herculean Task

Speaking of China reminds me that Metro's gigantic experiment, *The Good Earth,* is now in production. No company has ever devoted such time and effort to research. A camera crew was sent to North China for several months and photographed everything in sight. The studio technical crew studied the film brought back and has made every set and every property, no matter how trivial, a masterpiece of authenticity. More than 3000 tests were filmed in order to obtain believable oriental types



Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald are seen together so constantly these days that romance rumors concerning them are again rife

for the supporting cast. And Paul Muni and Louise Rainer, the stars, each lived with Chinese families—Muni on a rice farm near Sacramento; Louise with a merchant family in San Francisco's China-town—for weeks in order to study their characterizations.

Cashing In

Hollywood's newest gold-mine is the radio. The czars of the airwaves, desperate for big-name attractions, have turned to the screen and are reported to be offering top-notch film stars everything but the United States mint for their services. The biggest offer reported to date, is said to have been made to W. C. Fields. My informant reports that Bill was tendered $10,000 a week—and had to refuse because of ill-health.

Of course, you know—or do you?—that Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald will each head-line a radio programme this fall. Nelson takes Grace Moore's spot with Vicks, at a reported salary of $4,000 a broadcast.

Marie's Back

The Hollywood Old-Timer was on the Party Line a moment ago with the cheering news that [*Continued on page 67*]



W. C. Fields, the one and only, is fighting a severe illness in order to complete his current production, *Poppy*. It promises to be his best



See if the Shade You Are Using Is Really the Right One for You!

You're pretty sure about the shade of face powder you use, aren't you? You're quite certain it's the right shade for you.

By *Lady Esther*

What would you say if you were to find out it was the wrong shade entirely for you? Don't be so sure that this isn't the case. As any artist or make-up expert will tell you, many women use the wrong shade of face powder entirely. The result is, they look years older than they really are.

The reason so many women use the wrong shade of face powder is that they select their shades on the wrong basis altogether. It's a mistake to select your shade of face powder according to your so-called "type." You are not a "type." You are an individual.

One Way and Only One!

There is only one way to tell your most becoming shade of face powder and that is to try on all five basic shades. Any other method is only theory and guess-work.

To make it simple and conclusive for you to ascertain your right shade of face powder, I have invented a game called: "Find Your Right Shade of Face Powder." It's as enlightening as it is fascinating. Here's all you need do: Just send me your name and address and by return mail I'll send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder, free of charge. Take the five shades and sit down before your mirror. Start with the shade you think least suited to you and try that on. But don't stop at any one shade. Go through all five and observe the effects in your mirror in each case.

You don't have to be any seer to recognize instantly that one of these five shades is more suited to you than any other. You will see immediately that one shade, more than any other, makes you look your youngest and most attractive. What that shade is, neither I nor anybody else, can tell you. You must see for yourself.

A Surprise May Be in Store for You!

Maybe the very shade you think least suited to you, the very one you would never think of using is actually your most becoming shade. Thousands of women have been amazed with the results of this test.

Decide today that you are not going to be in the dark any longer as to the shade of face powder you should use. Decide today that you are going to know once and for all which is your most becoming shade. Mail the coupon today and play the game that tells—my game of "face powder shades."

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (24) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-days' supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Bathing for Beauty

MOVIE CLASSIC'S Beauty Editor describes the most up-to-date accessories of Milady's bath—one of the most important beauty aids

by Alison Alden



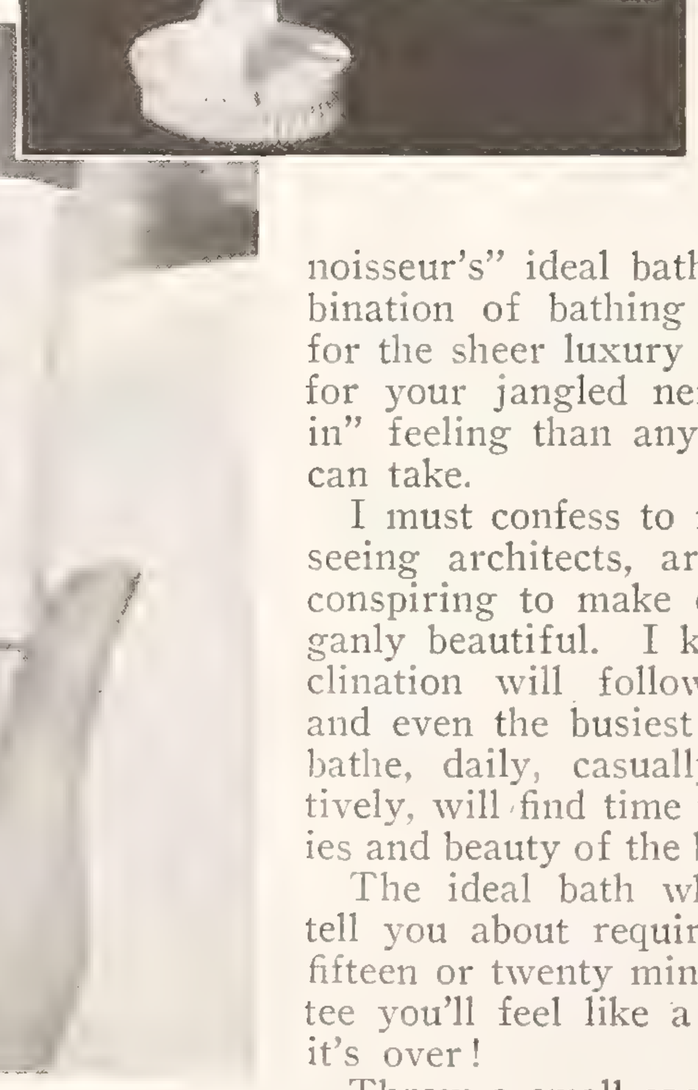
Evalyn Knapp finds that Campana Dreskin is an excellent skin tonic for use after a bath. It refreshes the skin and is at the same time delicately perfumed

IF someone told you that you didn't know how to take a bath you'd be the most amazed gal in the world. But, whether or not it's startling news . . . it's probably true!

It's surprising how many of you have told me in your letters that you cannot understand *what is wrong* with you. You claim that you're in perfect health and yet, when you've had a hectic day at the office, or at home with your housework, your quick "pick-me-up" shower doesn't do you any good. You suggest that you probably should take a beauty nap . . . but you haven't time for that.

Let me tell you, girls, the quick "pick-me-up" shower that we're all accustomed to in this modern age is okay for the late risers who have to report to business "on time" in the morning. But, the "connoisseur's" ideal bath, which is a combination of bathing for necessity and for the sheer luxury of it, will do more for your jangled nerves and that "all in" feeling than any brisk shower you can take.





Cashmere Bouquet toilet soap is one of the choices of Alison Alden. It retails for only ten cents a bar

I must confess to real satisfaction in seeing architects, artists and colorists conspiring to make our bathrooms paganly beautiful. I know that your inclination will follow the atmosphere, and even the busiest of busy gals who bathe, daily, casually and unimaginatively, will find time to learn the luxuries and beauty of the bath.

The ideal bath which I'm going to tell you about requires no longer than fifteen or twenty minutes and I guarantee you'll feel like a new person when it's over!

Throw a small spoonful of Fizz into your tub and let the hot water run first. The true lilac fragrance of this fine crystallized powder will thrill you as the vapor rises. It is a new product, made by Molinelle and imported from England, that *softens, scents* and *colors* your bath water. The Drum Set which you see illustrated contains six beautiful pastel shades in green, blue, yellow, lavender, rose and oyster white. Imagine . . . gorgeously tinted baths to satisfy your whims! Doesn't that sound like sheer luxury? It does give you a luxurious bath but the price for nearly fifty baths is only $1.50 which doesn't make it a luxury when you go out to buy it!

When the Fizz has dissolved, temper your bath with cool water to make it just right, not too warm, for this bath should be stimulating, not enervating. While the water is running tie back your hair and cleanse your face and neck with a good cream. Remove the excess cream with a soft cleansing tissue. Now pat a little more into your skin and allow it to remain while you are bathing.

Armand Blended Cream is a new skin beautifier recently put on the market by Armand, a reliable manufacturer who has been popular for several years. This new cream will softly float away the grime of the day, by bringing it to the surface of the pores. It soothes, nourishes and does wonders for your skin. It may be purchased in sizes priced at $1.00, 75c, 50c and 20c.

Now your eyes are ready for their bath. Eye-gene is a new and excellent lotion which will cleanse, soothe and brighten your eyes. A drop or two should be put into each eye with the convenient little dropper which you'll find attached to the cap. This new treatment is ex- [*Continued on page 70*]

Now You're Talking

[*Continued from page 6*]

Why The Mystery?—I have a complaint to make—one that grows with every picture I see—simply that the cast is not adequately announced. Half the time the audience does not know who is playing any part except that of the star and one or two leading players. Too often there is only a list of actors, without any notation as to the parts they are playing. An actor may work years to get a bit. He may do it beautifully. But how can the public give him his merited praise unless they know his name? Please let's have the cast shown at the beginning and end of each picture.—*Phyllis Ayer, 280 Union St., San Francisco, Calif.*

Be Authentic, Please—It seems that only recently have the producers of movies become aware of the tremendous dramatic possibilities of historical episodes. I deplore the fact, however, that they have not fully realized that the American public can accept history as it happened and still find it more romantic than fiction.

As an example, I shall mention the picture *The Prisoner of Shark Island*. Admittedly, this is an excellent piece of work, containing noteworthy performances of both principal and subordinate players, but, as a matter of cold historical fact, was Dr. Samuel Mudd released at the end of his work in the yellow fever epidemic? My information is that he was committed to his cell where he remained a matter of years before his final release. If this is what actually took place, why add the "softsoap"? My contention is that we, in America at least, can stand the truth about both our heroes and rascals.—*Marlin W. Elliott, Atlanta, Georgia.*



From far-away Alaska comes Terry Walker, who will make her screen debut in Paramount's *And Sudden Death*. Film scouts discovered her when she posed for a national magazine cover



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Use the coupon below to obtain your copy of "Scenic America"—a beautifully illustrated new folder describing Trailways vacation routes everywhere. Write today—start planning now. See how little it costs.

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CLEVELAND, O. 1821 East Ninth St.
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WITH this new-type Glazo formula, even evaporation has been so reduced that you can use the polish down to the last brushful.

The new Glazo provides a richness of beauty and sheen that has been beyond the realm of old-type polishes. Be among the first to wear Suntan, Russet, and Poppy Red—stunning new "misty" reds, and the latest additions to Glazo's range of authentic fashion-approved shades.

This new Glazo wears *extra* days . . . its brilliant surface unmarred by chipping, peeling or cracking. So easily does it float on, without streaking, that there's never a nail in need of re-doing.

For even a day, don't deny your fingertips the luxury of this new perfected Glazo. Still only 20 cents each—at toilet goods counters all over the world.



It's new it's perfect

GLAZO

20 CENTS
(25 cents in Canada)

The Show Window

MOVIE CLASSIC appraises the new screen offerings

EXCEPTIONAL

SHOWBOAT—Easily the outstanding film of the month, this new screen version of the tried and proven stage show, will please every audience. Exquisite artistry marks the work of everyone concerned.

Irene Dunne, as Magnolia Ravenal, daughter of the Mississippi, at last has a rôle which is worthy of her talent and on the strength of this truly magnificent picture, will rise to new heights. Her acting is superb; her singing is delightful.

Allan Jones, playing opposite her, establishes himself as a personality of great screen importance. His voice is thrilling. Charles Winninger, in the rôle of Captain Andy Hawks, is almost beyond praise. His scenes are as infectious comedy as the screen has seen in many a day. Helen Morgan, in the tragic rôle of Julie, is excellent.

It is difficult to criticize this picture, for it is near-perfect entertainment. Be sure to place it at the head of your "must see" list for this month. *Universal.*

EXCELLENT

UNDER TWO FLAGS—Desert warfare, hardship and privation, and a woman's courage dominate this newest saga of the French Foreign Legion, which is based, somewhat remotely, on the time-honored novel, *Cigarette.*

Ronald Colman, Victor McLaglen and Claudette Colbert, the co-stars, contribute flawless performances and Rosalind Russell, playing a rôle of almost equal importance, is a stand-out.

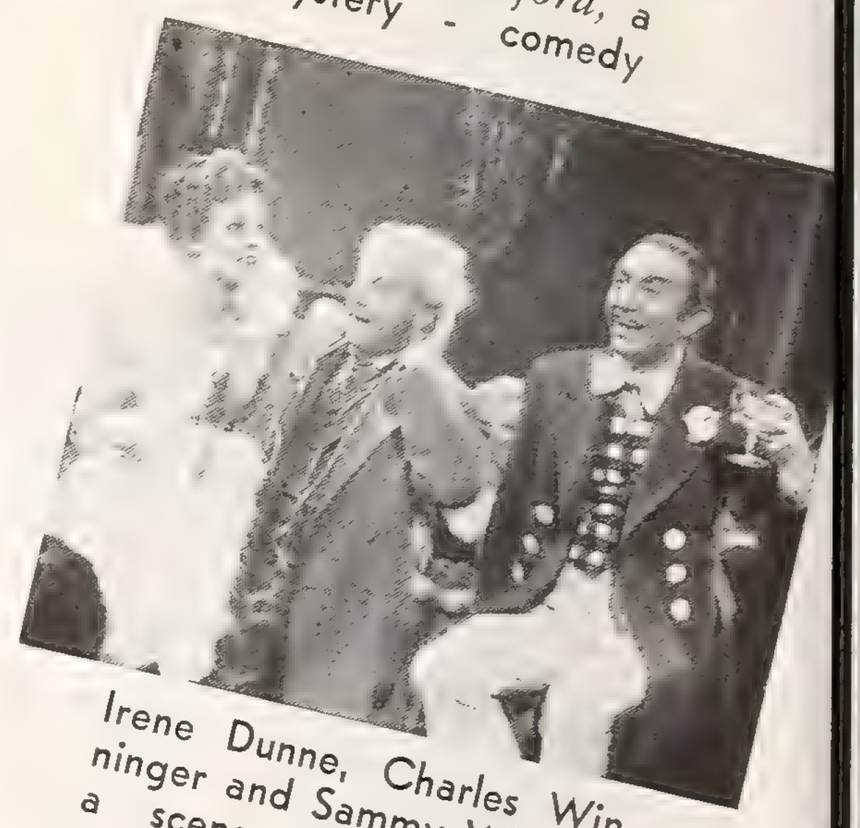
Particularly notable are the desert scenes, filmed in the sand dunes near Yuma, Arizona. Rarely has any picture achieved greater authenticity of background. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

ONE RAINY AFTERNOON—The new Pickford-Lasky company makes an impressive dèbut with this delightful comedy-romance, which is perfectly suited to the talents and personality of Francis Lederer, its star. Despite the negligible quality of the plot, every scene is handled with such flippant gaiety that there is never a let-down in entertainment. Lederer is superb; given another film or two of this caliber, he will be one of the screen's really outstanding stars. Ida Lupino, Hugh Herbert, and Roland Young head an unusually fine supporting cast. *United Artists.*

THE EX-MRS. BRADFORD—And here's one of the most breezy, delightful masterpieces of mysterious nonsense that



William Powell and Jean Arthur in *The Ex-Mrs. Bradford,* a sparkling mystery - comedy



Irene Dunne, Charles Winninger and Sammy White in a scene from *Showboat*



Francis Lederer and Ida Lupino are romantic lovers in the Pickford-Lasky film, *One Rainy Afternoon*

ever came out of Hollywood. Since every one else will compare it to *The Thin Man,* we might just as well follow suit and declare it just as excellent entertainment as that smash hit. Which is amazing, since the plot, reduced to its essentials, is more than a little ridiculous.

Credit the side-splitting merit of this gem to the clever acting of William Powell and Jean Arthur (how that girl's skyrocketing these days) and to the inimitable comedy of Eric Blore. Robert Armstrong, Lila Lee, Grant Mitchell, Ralph Morgan and Erin O'Brien-Moore also deserve praise for their work in supporting rôles. Don't miss this one. *Radio Pictures.*

FORGOTTEN FACES—Grim and tragic is this offering. Unrelieved by comedy, it sticks relentlessly to its task of telling a story of two warped and embittered souls. But, entertainment or not, it is one of the finest dramatic films of the year, a masterpiece from every standpoint.

Herbert Marshall, as the professional gambler who goes to prison for the murder of his wife's paramour, gives his best performance to date. And Gertrude Michael, hitherto doomed to rather obscure rôles, is amazing. Her performance, building in intensity with every scene, is one of the greatest individual triumphs in film history.

If you are shopping for laughs, avoid this picture; if you are interested in an absorbing drama, perfectly enacted, do not fail to see it. *Paramount.*

SONS O' GUNS—Here, fellow laugh-lovers, is the best Joe E. Brown rib-tickler in many a moon—a riotous farce in which our cavernous-mouthed hero joins the army, much against his will, and is dragged away to the front line trenches. Things happen—and in spite of himself, Joe becomes a hero by capturing a whole regiment of the enemy. Every sequence is a laugh-fest, but, in the humble opinion of this reviewer, Joe excels his excellent best in the scene which shows him doing an impassioned Apache dance. Joan Blondell, speaking with a French accent, provides the love interest and manages to make a trivial rôle outstanding. Eric Blore, Beverly Roberts and Winifred Shaw head the supporting cast. *Warner Brothers.*

GOOD

HUMAN CARGO—An exciting comedy-melodrama which hinges on the adventures of rival newspaper reporters who set out to expose a gang of alien smugglers. A well-developed story, excellent acting and clever dialogue combine to make this picture better than average entertainment. Claire Trevor and Brian Donlevy are featured. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

KELLY THE SECOND—Patsy Kelly, elevated to stardom in this picture as a reward for a long sequence of sterling comedy rôles; crashes through with a grand performance as a prize-fight manager. *Kelly the Second* is frankly slapstick, but will win its full quota of laughs from even the more sophisticated audiences, for it builds its humor upon situations and dialogue that are really funny. Charley Chase, Ed Brophy, Pert Kelton and "Big Boy" Williams have important rôles. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

THE BIG NOISE—Following a time-honored formula—"retired business man cannot stand inactivity and secretly sneaks into harness again to outwit cocky young-

[*Continued on page* 60]



THE girl who gets the invitations is the girl who knows how to please the men!

She takes great pains to learn their likes and their dislikes.

One of the first things she learns is that nothing so quickly prejudices a man against a girl as the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her clothing and her person.

And so she runs no risk of this danger. For she knows how easy it is to avoid —with Mum!

Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Another thing you'll like—use Mum any time, *even after you're dressed.* For it's harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Mum, you know, doesn't prevent natural perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. And how important that is! Use Mum daily and you'll never be uninvited because of personal unpleasantness.

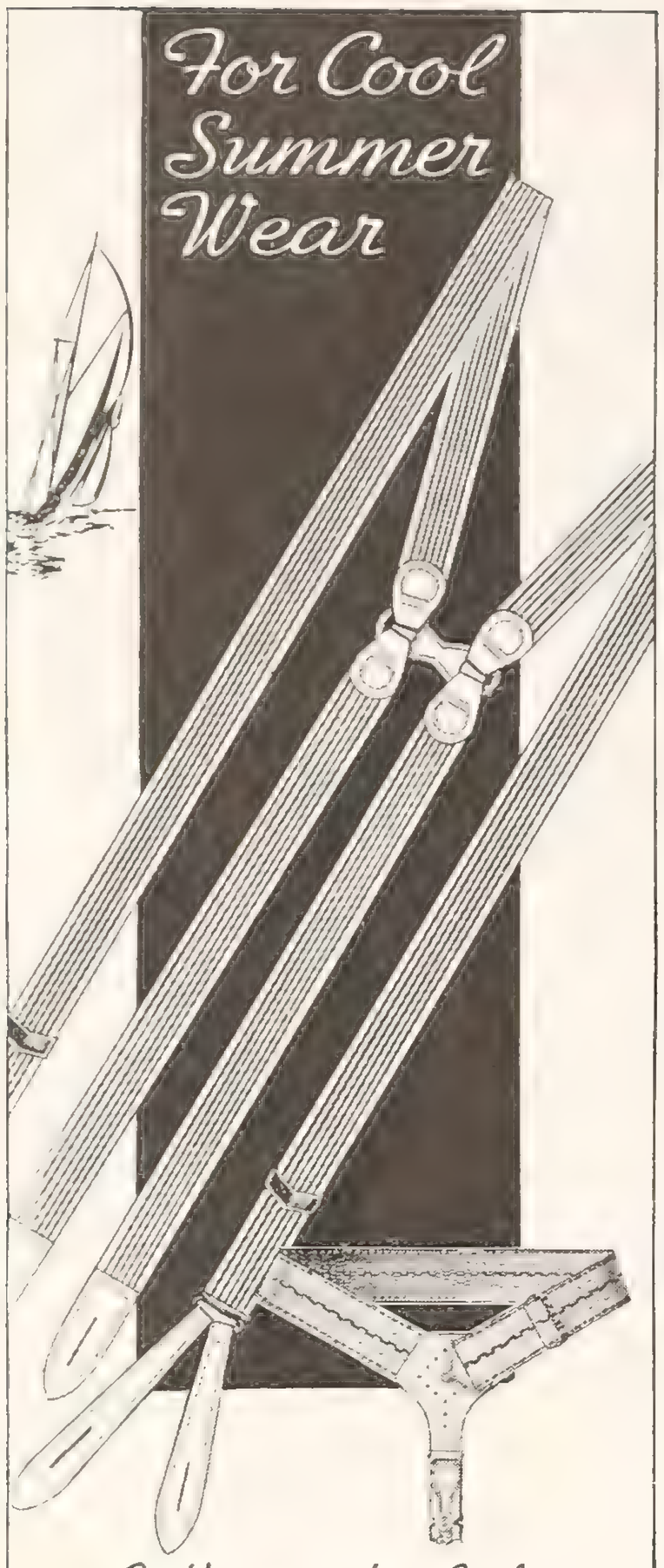
Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MUM



takes the odor out of perspiration

ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you'll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.



A Note to the Ladies

PARIS

Garters and Suspenders

"FEEL AS COOL AS THEY LOOK"

"Everybody talks about the weather but nobody does anything about it" is an exploded theory today. Consider these new, cool Summer Garters and "Free-Swing" Suspenders by Paris, for example. They'll prove we've been thinking of his comfort—and doing something about the weather. Get him a few pairs today to give him his share of summer comfort.

"Free-Swing" Suspenders $1—$1.50
"Can't Skid Off Your Shoulders"

Paris Garters 50c—$1
"No Metal Can Touch You"

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Hollywood Highlights

MOVIE CLASSIC'S stellar gossip sleuth doffs the grease paint long enough to report the latest happenings in Cinemania

by Hedda Hopper

GOD bless the movies! That's what I thought to myself when I left the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper.

It's built on three acres of land and the home is a perfect blending of the old and new in architecture and furnishing. You enter a modern reception hall, walk through a door and down six stairs, covered with a zebra skin, (and that's the way to treat a zebra,) right into the drawing room which faces the garden and a heavenly blue swimming pool. Gary lives in style, these days.

Gary's Embarrassment

And then my mind leaped back to one of the first important pictures Gary ever made. It was called, *Children of Divorce.* Clara Bow was starred; Frank Lloyd directed it. Poor Gary! He was just a fresh, wholesome cowboy from Montana and the great open spaces. His first scene in the picture was to come into a crowded drawing room on Park Avenue with a lot of drunken debbies and platinum-plated gigolos who were all drinking and playing bridge, and he was supposed to act like that famous Murad cigaret ad, but, at that time, he didn't even know what "nonchalant" meant. He was so terrified that after the first day's shooting he ran away. The studio saw the rushes and ran all over Hollywood to find him and bring him back. We persuaded Clara Bow to help loosen him up. She did, and fell in love with him, and he with her. The rest is history.



Helen Vinson, temporarily deserting Hollywood, has signed a new contract with Capitol Films of England



Bing Crosby (above) records his footprints in the forecourt of the famous Chinese theatre. Below: Mr. and Mrs. Joe E. Brown take their little daughter, Mary, to the circus

You have all heard the story. He's still the ranking favorite among the movie men.

Then I recalled the first time I met Mrs. Cooper. She was living, as I was, at the old Hollywood Hotel, with her mother and a nurse and a wonderful dog, the only Schnauser in Hollywood. She was then about fourteen. Her mother had come out to visit her two brothers, the Gibbons boys, Cedric and



Hedda Hopper, famous actress and writer, reports the Hollywood social whirl each month for MOVIE CLASSIC. Next month she will visit London and play an important rôle in a Gaumont-British picture

Eliot. Sandra still has the old nurse who was with her at that time. But now she's the housekeeper, with a lovely suite of rooms all for herself and proud as a peacock. Well, wouldn't you be?

"Ziegfeld" Opens

The Great Ziegfeld opening has come and gone. By this time, you've all seen it, and I wonder if you'll agree with me that the two things which stood out were: first, that telephone scene of Luise Rainer's, and, second, the "A Girl Is Like a Pretty Melody" number. But why, oh, why, didn't they do that in color?

After the opening, Adrian, M-G-M's fashion czar, took a gang of us back to his house for supper and showed us on a tiny screen that number in color, as it was taken by himself with his small camera.

Sad Memories

But what memories kept crowding through my brain as I watched it. A long procession of famous Ziegfeld stars. Olive Thomas, who was married to Jack Pickford, dying a horrible death in Paris when she took the wrong medicine by mistake . . . Martha Mansfield, burned to death while riding home from a motion-picture location . . . she was wearing a lace dress over a hoop skirt, and the spark from a cigaret did the rest . . . Marilyn Miller, who was buried the day the picture opened, in New York. Clifton Webb had just had a letter from her the day before she died. She wanted to do his next play with him, and had sent a bunch of new photographs so he could see how well she looked. She wanted so to play herself in the picture, but it seems that someone who had a voice in the matter said "no."

Thank goodness they didn't cut out Fanny Brice! But I do wish they had been able to have Gene Buck play himself. He, it was, [*Continued on page* 62]

DOUBLE MINT gum enjoyed daily helps beautify mouth and facial contours



This story will interest many Men and Women



NOT long ago I was like some friends I have...low in spirits...run-down... out of sorts...tired easily and looked terrible. I knew I had no serious organic trouble so I reasoned sensibly...as my experience has since proven...that work, worry, colds and whatnot had just worn me down.

I had been listening to the S.S.S. Radio Program and began to wonder if my trouble was not lowered strength in my blood... I started a course of S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...at the end of ten days I noticed a change...I followed directions faithfully... a tablespoonful before each meal.

The color began to come back to my skin ...I felt better...I did not tire easily and soon I felt that those red-blood-cells were back to so-called fighting strength.

The confidence mother has always had in S.S.S....which is still her stand-by when she feels run-down...convinced me I ought to try this Treatment...it is great to feel strong again and like my old self.

Much more could be said...a trial will thoroughly convince you that this way, in the absence of any organic trouble, will start you on the road to feeling like yourself again. You should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food...sound sleep ...steady nerves...a good complexion... and renewed strength.

There is no guess work in the S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...decades of popular acceptance and enthusiastic words of praise by users themselves speak even louder than the scientific appraisal of the progressively improved S.S.S. product which has caused millions to say to their friends—

S.S.S. TONIC

Makes you feel like yourself again



© S.S.S. Co.

What Freddie *About It All*

Consider the situation of Freddie Bartholomew, the storm center of Hollywood's most dramatic controversy

by Marian Rhea

HOLLYWOOD never produced a picture as dramatic as the true story of the trouble over young Freddie Bartholomew!

It is a story that began nine years ago in a little, rose-covered house in England, when one woman gave over to another the keeping of a small, curly-headed youngster. It is a story that ended, to all intents and purposes in the stern, un-dramatic setting of a Los Angeles county courtroom, when a judge of the superior court upheld a previous ruling which gave Freddie Bartholomew into the keeping of Miss Millicent Bartholomew, his aunt—and this despite the bitter protests of his mother who had come all the way from England to fight for the custody of her child.

She had come too late, the judge held. He reviewed the undisputable fact that Miss Bartholomew—"Aunt Cissy" —had mothered Freddie since that night in England when his mother voluntarily gave him into her keeping. He reviewed the undisputable fact that Mrs. Bartholomew had had six months in which to contest the aunt's petition for permanent guardianship—but had failed to do this until the eleventh hour. . . He listened to a cablegram from Freddie's father in England, renouncing claim to the boy because, the father said he had finally come to the conclusion that "the best interests of the boy lie in leaving him with his aunt."

Then he made his brief ruling—and left the bench.

And so, the Bartholomew case is over without ever having been begun as far as Freddie himself is concerned. You read in the papers at the time, probably, comment to the effect that he knew nothing about the turmoil swirling about his head. But I wonder if you realized that his Aunt Cissy kept him in this happy ignorance, *even at the risk of weakening her defense against claims of his mother.*

She could have taken him into court had she wanted to. She could have said to the judge:

"Here he is, Your Honor. Here is the little boy I mothered since he was three years old. Here is the child I taught to read when he was still lisping. Here is the child I taught to be a great actor. Here is the child I nursed through measles and mumps and chicken-pox. . .



Freddie Bartholomew and his Aunt Cissy, who has taken care of him since he was three years old



A "regular boy", Freddie's current passion is his assortment of bicycles, several of which are gifts from fans

Thinks



The custody of Freddie Bartholomew has been made the prize of a legal battle between his mother and his aunt

Here is the little boy I love as my own son. . .

"Here he is, Your Honor! Ask *him* whom he would rather have as a mother —the woman he has seen only a few times in his life—or his Aunt Cissy?"

And you must know what the answer would have been—what young Freddie Bartholomew would have said to the judge in that courtly, delightful manner of his.

"Your Honor, I choose Aunt Cissy!" He would have been bound to say that, because no small boy, loved and cared for as he has been by his Aunt Cissy, would have chosen a stranger in preference—even though the stranger were his mother. That isn't the way small boys react.

But Aunt Cissy didn't bring him into court. She wanted him to know nothing of trouble, suspicion, bitterness, backbiting. She wanted to keep him untroubled through it all. So she submitted her case to the judge on its own merit, and won it anyway. . .

With Freddie still knowing nothing about it. . . With Freddie remaining the normal, happy, just-ordinary boy he always has been. Just how normal, happy and just-ordinary, you would realize if you had been with me, just after the case was concluded, when I had lunch with Freddie and his aunt.

I arrived in time to see Freddie's penny-farthing bicycle (so named because of its big and little wheel; you saw it in *Little Lord Fauntleroy*) making approximately thirty miles an hour along the sidewalk—going down hill—with considerable commotion attendant.

Clang! Clang!

The pilot was sounding his warning bell every foot [*Continued on page 78*]

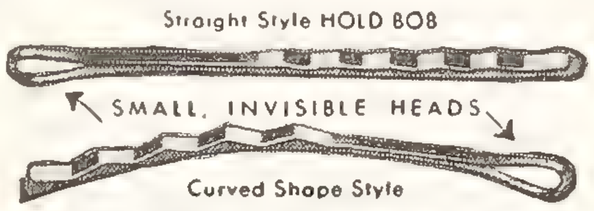


HOLD-BOB bob pins in cooperation with Walter Wanger Productions, Motion Picture and Screen Play magazines are offering every girl in America a chance for movie fame. If you don't win one month—try again. You may enter the "Search for Talent" as many times as you wish. Closing date—December 31, 1936. All you need do to enter is to fill out the entry blank on the back of the HOLD-BOB card, or facsimile of same, attach your photo and send to the "Search for Talent" Headquarters.

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The Lady



Claire Trevor, now a Twentieth Century-Fox star, frankly admits that laziness was her curse

"I'M GOING to be Queen!"

The half dozen children clustered on the strip of green grass high above the Hudson, stopped still at the sound of the commanding voice.

But at the sight of a small, spindly figure darting across the drive, her straw hat dangling from the back of her neck and her yellow hair looking like a ravaged bird's nest, they merely shrugged and resumed their play.

"I'm going to be Queen!"

The intruder had reached the grass, and, feminine-like, was making a hurried toilette before plunging into battle. Already she had rescued her dangling head-piece, and was tucking maverick yellow strands under it.

"Uh," exclaimed one of the boys, "it's only Claire," and a tall brunette with a paper crown on her head walked disdainfully away.

"I'm *going* to be Queen," doggedly repeated the newcomer, taking off her coat. "I'm going to be queen, or there ain't going to be a show!"

"Aw, Claire," reasoned the boy with the King's crown on his head, "you weren't ever like this before. Be nice and be a lady-in-waiting like you always are. You couldn't be Queen, so—"

"I'm *going* to be Queen!"

And so, while they were taking the long red cloak from the tall dark girl, and trying to tuck the rebellious yellow hair under the Queen's crown, they all wondered what had happened to the usually mild little Claire. Perhaps it was something she had eaten.

But it wasn't indigestion that had caused the near riot in the parkway along upper Fifth Avenue this summer day—it was rebellion. Rebellion against memories—depressing memories that went back three years, to the time she was four. Memories of how her mother had always seemed to play lady-in-waiting, too, and always did the things other people wanted her to do, and never the things that she wanted to do most in the world.

Mental pictures had been seething within her all day, and finally they had reached the exploding point. She had only to close her eyes to see her mother stealing away to do the thing that called her, and watch her practicing her "parts" all by herself, where no one would see her.

Claire didn't know then that it was a disgrace to even *think* of being an actress; she only knew that her mother couldn't play "Queen", and that the children pushed *her* aside, and just permitted her be "lady-in-waiting" or something else she didn't like.

So the smothering of the mother's ambition only added fuel to that of the child, until she rushed out of her apartment and across the avenue to demand her rights.

And once the step was taken the girl threw off all restraint and plunged headlong into her new "career." From then on she not only played the lead in all the neighborhood juvenile theatricals, but she made up the plays and cast them

The unorthodox story of Claire Trevor's spectacular rise to fame

Changes

by

William French

according to her own notions, with the result that the lad who appealed to her romantic urge was always the "King," or the "Crusader," while the boy she didn't like invariably paid the penalty for being the bad prince or the infidel the crusader slew with his wooden sword.

Her appetite for unrestrained expression led her to take up dancing. Not at a dancing school; because they had too many rules. She just improvised her own dances, and what she lacked in technique she made up for in energy and grim determination. Like all true artists, she absolutely insisted upon an appreciative audience. So not only did her family and the neighborhood children have to sit quietly and watch her gyrations, but she insisted upon performing almost everywhere she went.

"In other words," admits Claire Trevor, "I became the outstanding neighborhood pest. But not for long, as, after I had won my rebellion and wore my opposition down, my inspiration dimmed.

"I still wanted to be an actress, but I no longer carried a chip on my shoulder, looking for a chance to battle for the right to become one. When I went to high school I was in the high school plays, but my aggressiveness was rapidly disappearing, and by the time I got a job with the Hampton Players in South Hampton, Long Island, I really felt quite fortunate at being permitted to play the ingenue lead.

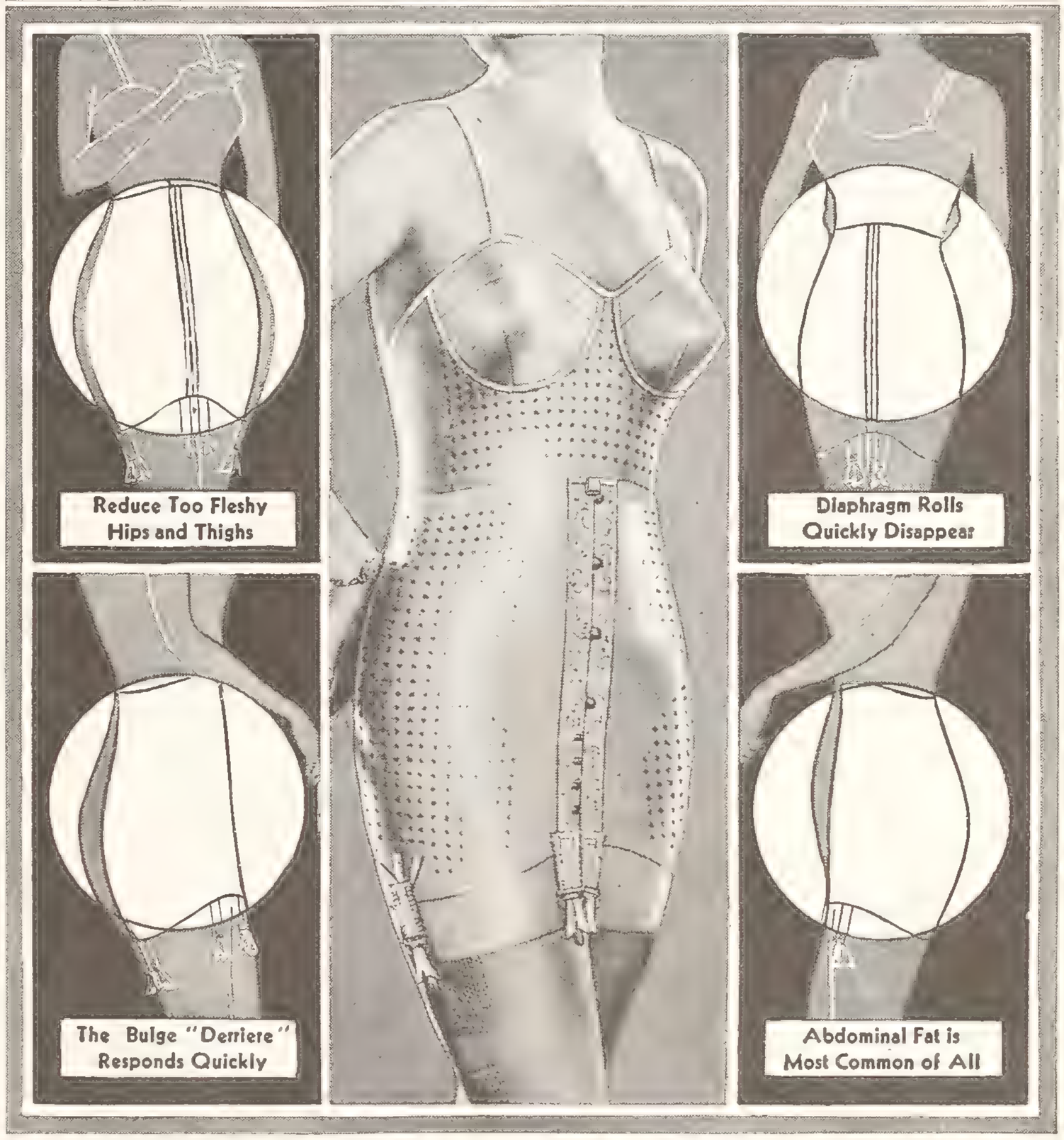
"As I look back at it all now, I suspect I stayed through the four different plays that season because I was having a perfectly grand time, and not because of any great ambition or driving power.

"We all lived together in a big house out there—the players in the house and the technical crew over the barn where we built and painted our scenery and effects. Our shows we gave in Memorial Hall in South Hampton.

"We rode back and forth in our lone truck, on which we had painted 'Truck No. 3' in no modest manner, as we wanted to give the impression that we had quite an assortment of rolling stock. All of which afforded me a perfectly marvelous time, but I'll have to admit that it would have taken a combination of detective, [*Continued on page* 58]

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Through Horror Came Happiness

Boris Karloff, on the screen, lives in a world of horror—but his friends know him, off-screen as the most contented man in Hollywood

by John Kent



The screen's leading exponent of macabre roles spends most of his time, between pictures, working in his garden. Bottom: Mr. and Mrs. Karloff with one of their Bedlington terriers, a champion of many kennel shows

BORIS KARLOFF told me, "I have everything in the world I ever wanted. I'm the happiest man in Hollywood!"

Sitting in the sun drenched patio of his lovely Spanish home, facing his beautiful wife, while his quaint Bedlington terriers raced back and forth over the velvety lawns of his three-acre estate, the man who has brought nightmare to countless movie-goers smiled with deep satisfaction.

"One reason for happiness," he said seriously, "is that my lucky break—my chance to play 'The Monster'—came at a time when I had almost given up hoping . . ."

Few of his friends in Hollywood—the James Cagneys, the Jimmie Gleasons, the Robert Armstrongs, and a host of others—know the story of the suffering Boris Karloff endured before movie fame burst upon him.

"It was amazing," he told me, and even after several years of success, his voice was filled with very human wonder. "It came like a bolt out of the blue. And perhaps my happiness now is more complete because I went through my worst times right here in Hollywood.

"Most actors, you know, come out here with contracts from New York. They have gone through their hardships back East, and, once in Hollywood, everything is easy for them. But I can remember standing outside little one-arm restaurants along Hollywood Boulevard and wishing I had an extra dime—for a couple of doughnuts to go with my coffee.

"I can't stop in at the Brown Derby, now, without passing one of those little one-arm joints—and remembering!"

Karloff waited twenty years for his success, years in which he worked as a day laborer, as a truck driver, a cement worker, member of a pick [*Continued on page* 90]



Since he first gained fame as a concert star, Nelson Eddy has been the unwilling object of feminine devotion

reciprocate without wearing out four pens and almost as many fingers.

"Dear Miss L——: Thank you so much for your letter of encouragement. If you have a request number won't you please let me know what it is and I will be delighted to sing it for you."

He wrote practically the same letter to about 200 others, but Miss L—— had the romantic inclination to take it personally. Of such little things are dreams built!

Two weeks later, when Nelson Eddy sang at her suggestion *Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life,* he pretty well cleared that mystery up for the girl. This time her note was penned with more and stronger adjectives than before. Even as young and inexperienced as he was, Nelson Eddy sensed trouble in those adjectives, and accordingly Miss L——'s third letter was put in a large envelope with several hundred others and largely marked "Old fan mail—finished business."

A week passed and a fourth letter came from the same Upper Derby address. What had happened? Why hadn't he answered her letter? With all the naivete in the world, she wanted to know: could he by any chance be mad at her?

This went on for some time. In every mail there was a note or a peace offering. Sometimes a handkerchief lovingly embroidered with his initials, sometimes just a stick of gum. But always something. "It isn't the gift, but the sentiment that goes with it," she wrote.

Then, unluckily for Miss L—— and unluckily for Mr. Eddy too—Nelson happened to sing *Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life* again on one of his programs. The trolley wasn't quick enough. Miss L—— sent for a taxi and arrived at the studio just as he was leaving.

"Nelson, you've forgiven me! You sang my song tonight!" Her enraptured face told the story. Nelson read it quickly—and then, to avoid being publicly embraced, picked up his heels and ran!

It was shortly after that that he moved his voice to WOR in Newark, New Jersey. If he hadn't who knows how it might have turned out!

But even in Newark, Nelson was still Nelson Eddy and his voice still had that same romantic flavor. Miss L—— lost track of him, but where she left off, another picked up.

This time the case was more serious. This time it was a Lithuanian girl who was already engaged, who was practically at the altar, as a matter of fact, when she first heard Nelson Eddy. She sent her Passaic, New Jersey, young man packing and packed herself off to Newark . . . trousseau, lingerie and all. Demurely she sat waiting for Nelson in the studio anteroom. When he came out, demurely she explained her plight. He must marry her if he wanted to live!

The secretary on the sideline snickered. Nelson tried to laugh, too. But it was no snickering matter. The girl said she would go away and let him think it over, but *she would be back!*

Nelson did think it over . . . he couldn't help it. What should he do? Call a detective? That would be silly. Die? That would be sillier yet.

On the next evening a be-badged gentleman did keep Nelson Eddy's threat girl from entering the studio, but he couldn't keep her away from the elevator down stairs. That night and for three nights afterward Nelson suffered the ignominy of having to leave via the back door.

Then as the [*Continued on page* 80]

Josephine Was Kissed!



And the screen gained a new and brilliant personality who had sworn to have nothing to do with Hollywood

by Harry Lang

UNTIL Dick Powell kissed her, thoroughly and repeatedly—for screen purposes only, understand—Josephine Hutchinson didn't think much of moving pictures.

That was her mother's fault—Josephine's attitude toward movies, I mean; not the kissing. As a matter of fact, if mother had had her way, Mr. Dick Powell probably never would have kissed her daughter at all . . .! But the fact remains that Mr. Powell *did* kiss Josephine. He began kissing her at about 9:45 one morning. For the rest of the day, he did practically nothing else but kiss Josephine, and Josephine, may it be added (or *is* it necessary?) kissed back with commendable unction.

Toward the end of that day, as shadows lengthened, and about everybody else but Mr. Powell and Miss Hutchinson grew tired, Josephine decided that she really liked moving pictures, after all. And that's how the stage lost a potentially great actress, and the screen—and Warner Brothers—gained one.

Now, is all that a bit confusing? Well, maybe if we get back to the beginning, you'll get the idea. . . .

On October 9, 1909, Leona Roberts had a baby. That was in Seattle, where Leona was recognized as the city's greatest actress. Everybody knew her as Leona Roberts; few as Mrs. Hutchinson. As far as that goes, being Leona Roberts, actress, was really most important, for the stage, the theater, was the great thing in her life. And, of course, when she learned that her baby was a girl, Leona decided that the child was to be brought up to be a second Duse, a second Bernhardt—or at any rate, a first Hutchinson!

And so, from infancy, Josephine was aimed at a stage career. No need of details—there was singing and dancing and acting instruction, always, and in addition to her regular schooling, there was further schooling at the noted Cornish School of Music and Drama.

Now the screen, in those days, was the stage's bad brother, and Josephine's mother regarded it with the same disdain as other Folk of The Stage. Once or twice she had seen the quaint things, called movies, and noted with a shudder what queer things that blonde girl named Pickford, and that uncouth person named Broncho Billy Something-or-Other did in the name of acting! And she decided that never, never, never should Josephine engage in any such antics.

But somehow, when Josephine was eight years old, she and her mother spent a few weeks in Hollywood. They met a charming gentleman named Douglas Fairbanks, who [*Continued on page 72*]



Josephine Hutchinson and Dick Powell were no more than introduced when the director told them to kiss. She will next be seen in *I Married a Doctor,* a Warner Bros. production



A throw of the dice made Lionel Stander a stage personality—and ability has kept him at the top

of town. And a double sleeper-jump from the Lower East Side, the Ghetto.

Looking at Lionel, few people can guess his age. Ten years, twenty years from now, it will be the same. His hair is too thick for time to do much thinning; his face is too mobile for time to do much lining. For the records, therefore, let it be known that he first opened his eyes upon the vast reaches of the upper Bronx on January 10, 1908.

He was the first-born of Louis E. Stander, late of Latvia, and the former Belle Cantor, native of New York. He was christened Lionel Jay Stander.

If you are a friend of his today, you can get away with calling him "Jay." When he was wearing short pants, he let loose with uppercuts on less provocation. Jess Willard was heavyweight boxing champion at the time; Lionel re-christened himself "Jess"—to terrify any possible knaves in the neighborhood.

His father was a certified public accountant. "And that's what I would be today," Lionel expostulates, with a cheerful grin, "if he had succeeded in his dire designs."

No normal [*Continued on page* 68]

The Stander-Outer

by
James Reid

LIONEL STANDER is the newest reason for going to the movies. He's the only one of his kind. And if he doesn't have his way, they'll soon be starring him.

"And then where will I be?" he asks you, plaintively—as plaintively as that the spot," he tells you, with emphasis. Stander-ish emphasis.

It tortures his sensitive soul that the Fates may already be plotting to shorten his stay in pictures—simply by making a star of him.

"My favorite hobby is collecting paychecks," he explains, while his expressive lips curl upward at both corners. "A hobby I'd sorta like to keep."

It's a fairly new hobby of his, he might add. Moreover, he does add it—in his own way:

"If it hadn't been for Fred Allen, I'd still be starving. He made an excited Russian out of me—a stooge, a heckler. I garbled—in fact, I gargled—the English language. I waxed indignant at being misunderstood . . . but the funniest part of the act was that I got paid for it every week."



Lionel Stander and Gary Cooper in *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*



A Hollywood talent scout visited Town Hall during a broadcast, and saw Stander. Then something even funnier happened: "The movies signed me—to be a dialect comedian. They didn't know I could speak English."

Most people, looking at Lionel, think of him as a genial roughneck, who probably got that way from a boyhood in the Ghetto. In reality, he is an incorrigible intellectual, born and raised in the upper Bronx in New York City. The upper Bronx is the next thing to rural regions—a sleeper-jump from the heart





Watching them film

Angel of

Kay Francis as the immortal Florence Nightingale

The screen's tribute to one of

THE straggling line of disabled soldiers moved listlessly up winding Dark Canyon road, across the crest where the last light of day painted them a symbolic red, and down the other side toward Hollywood. There was very little talking. Their faces looked drawn, tired. The fellows hobbling along on crutches stared grimly ahead.

It wasn't a movie sequence, and these disabled men weren't faking. They were extras, culled from the ranks because of obvious disabilities. Paid the regulation $6 a day with lunch, these men were wending their way homeward after playing in war scenes for *Angel of Mercy*. They were glad to walk for the bus fare they were saving.

Warner Brothers could have hired regular extras and faked their disabilities, but the studio executors saw a chance to help needy people, and at the same time add stern realism to the hospital scenes in this story of Florence Nightingale. So the maimed and the crippled struggled back and forth each day to the studio, overjoyed by the opportunity to work.

On Kay Francis's shoulders falls the heaviest burden of acting. Cast as Florence Nightingale, most famous of nurses and one of history's most beloved women, she forsakes the London social life of the 1850's to commence a movement that eventually develops into the Red Cross. Thus begins an absorbing series of events leading through the Crimean War.

More dramatic in her determination to serve humanity than even the martyred Louis Pasteur, no other character in real life or fiction has ever touched the heart of the world as did this nurse. And *Angel of Mercy*, based on her life, will be a tribute to woman and an inspiration to women.

The story opens with an investigation of London hospitals, conducted by the wealthy Mr. Nightingale (played by Charles Crooker-King). The probe reveals cesspool conditions in the institutions, with sanitation, moral standards, and hospital technique unbelievably bad. The nurses are women recruited from squalor and filth in many cases, women totally without training or understanding of hygienic principles.

Director William Dieterle (at the extreme right) lines up the cameras for a scene in the great hospital set

by Ted Magee

Mercy

the world's greatest women



"Nightingale" pays a night visit to her wounded charges

Opposing Nightingale is Dr. West (Nigel Bruce) who, as the head of London hospitals, scoffs at the idea of improving the conditions. Nightingale's daughter, Florence, convinces her father that here is a cause worthy of her best efforts, and that mercy is *a woman's work.*

Florence's decision is not an easy one. She is opposed by her mother and sister, as well as young Richard Cooper (Donald Woods), who tries to persuade her that marriage is the proper career. However, Florence cannot be swayed from her purpose and proceeds to Germany where she receives her training as a nurse.

In the midst of her studies she learns from old friends that an epidemic of cholera has broken out in England. She accompanies them to London and begins her career as a nurse. When England and France join Turkey in the Crimean War against Russia for the possession of the Dardanelles, Florence is sent to the war zone, in command of a hand-picked staff of nurses. [*Continued on page* 81]



Donald Woods and Kay Francis between scenes

White Orchid

by Marcella March

Hollywood coined that name in tribute to the flower-like beauty of Anita Louise



Anita Louise, an actress since her fifth birthday, is now skyrocketing to stardom

"*ANTHONY ADVERSE*," vowed the powers-that-be of Warners Brothers, "will be, not only one of the greatest of all productions, but also one of the most authentic! Every set, every dialogue line and every player must be *believable!*"

And, forthwith, they cast Anita Louise in the rôle of Maria, the tragic little mother of Anthony—and to most of the self-appointed seers of Hollywood it seemed a strange decision. It seemed incongruous that the rôle of a woman who dared all for an unsanctioned love should be played by an ethereal blonde youngster of eighteen, who has never yet been touched by a great love.

To understand this seeming paradox, it is necessary to understand that sensitive perception of Anita's, which has given her, at eighteen, such depth of understanding as usually comes only after much living.

A little incident that occurred at Sardi's Cafe the other day throws a rather revealing light on her character. She entered that dignified eaterie in makeup, which in itself was enough to attract the attention of the sightseers. And she was Anita Louise, which seemed enough to attract the attention of those people who have known and liked her since she began her Hollywood career by playing children's parts at the age of five. Her entrance was a signal for all eyes to turn in her direction, and as she followed the beaming waiter down the aisle, it seemed as if there were someone at every table who just had to stop Anita and talk with her. She was the perfect representative of gay young girlhood, popular, secure in her domain. And a certain little twinkle in her eyes and the upward curve of her lips made it obvious that she found it rather fun to have people so interested in her, so manifestly glad to see her. With just that kind of smile on her lips might the most popular girl in any American town walk into the favorite rendezvous of her crowd, serene in the knowledge that people would be glad to see her, and girlishly happy because they were.

In an inconspicuous corner of the restaurant there were a pair of eyes that followed Anita's progress with an expression which was rather bitter. They belonged to a woman who was a famous star of the silent days. Once her appearance in any public place had been attended with the triumph that was now Anita Louise's. Even more adulation had been hers, because she had known the heights. Anita, at present, is merely ascending to the pinnacle.

Anita's eyes met those of the woman who once had been important. And, in a moment, she had crossed the room to her side. I don't know what this little actress on her way up said to the actress on her way down, but the old star beamed happily as, for a moment, she was again the cynosure of all eyes . . . because little Anita Louise had crossed a crowded restaurant to greet her.

Question: Would the most popular girl of any American town have thought of doing *that?*

Later, without referring to the incident, Anita revealed the source from which welled her deep sympathy for the fallen star.

"There is no disillusionment quite as devastating as losing confidence in one's self," she remarked, and then, with a bit of rueful laughter at the memory of it, she told me about the time when she had been confronted with the fear that she wasn't quite good enough to measure up to the standard she had set for herself.

That period of doubt and discouragement in Anita's life was caused by the fact that the studio to which she was under contract at the time did not see fit to use her services. As week after idle week went by, with no accomplishment to mark the passage of time, her self-confidence gradually ebbed to the point where, in order to save her morale, she felt it necessary to give up her contract. Since that time, Anita Louise has had no difficulty in getting parts. Warner Brothers have made no secret of the fact that she is destined for stardom.

The fact that Anita Louise spent a few months in idleness isn't particularly significant. The thing that is significant is that because of those few months of discouragement, such deep imprint was made on the sensitive mind of this girl that she is now able to sense the despair of a woman who has achieved and lost. It is such sensitivity of perception as Anita Louise evinces that is the first requisite of any actress who aspires to real artistry.

ANITA says that she draws largely on her imagination for interpretation of her rôles. It is an imagination enriched by a cultural background such as few girls of eighteen are privileged to have, or capable of acquiring. Anita speaks three languages. She has studied music, voice, dancing, drama. She can not only express herself in these arts, but she knows their histories, and the histories of the men and women who have contributed to them. If Anita were not quite so pretty, [*Continued on page* 64]



Fay Wray

An unusually glamorous portrait of an unusually glamorous young lady. Of late Fay Wray has been commuting between England and Hollywood and her screen services are in constant demand. She will next be seen in *Roaming Lady,* a Columbia picture



6 Crises in

IN EVERYONE'S life there are certain high-lighted moments which time does not erase. In fact, with the passage of time they often become more vividly etched upon the mind; so much so that when viewed in retrospect they loom up as definite "markers" or "mile posts" along the road of destiny.

In the life of Myrna Loy—born Myrna Williams—there have been six such dramatic high-lights, each one of which has had a definite bearing upon her career.

The first took place when Myrna was a very young, impressionable girl. She and her father were on a hunting trip in Montana. It had been a day filled with fun and excitement. When evening came they built their campfire. Together they sat in the flickering light of the flames, talking. At the moment their conversation did not seem of great significance. Just a father talking with his daughter.

"We have good times together, don't we, Myrna?" he said thoughtfully.

"We certainly do, dad."

"You're really more like a son than a daughter." A note of paternal pride crept into his voice. "In fact, if anything should ever happen to me I know that I could depend upon you to be the 'man' of the family and look after your mother."

"Of course you could, dad. But what could possibly happen to you?"

"We never know, my dear, what's ahead. The war may last for a long time yet. I might have to go—who knows—and I might not come back." He reached over and caught Myrna's hand in his. "Will you promise that if anything should happen to me that you will take my place as head of our family?"

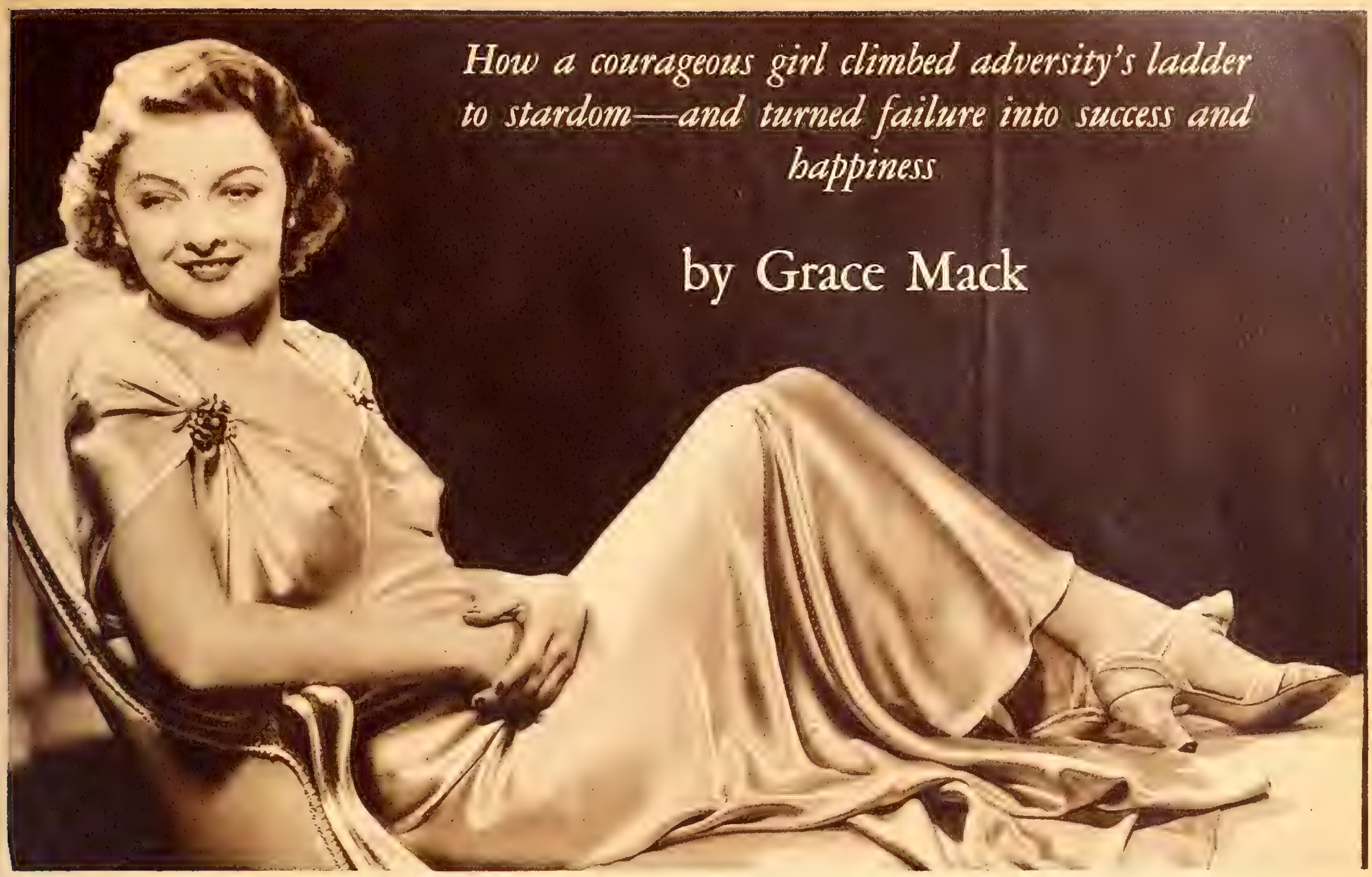
"Of course I'll promise you that," agreed Myrna. "But let's don't be so serious. Nothing's going to happen to you."

Perhaps in that brief moment Myrna's father had a premonition of things to come.

A few months later the flu epidemic swooped down upon Helena, Montana. A gay, happy city became, overnight, a city of tragedy. There was scarcely a home that the epidemic had not touched. In the Williams household, Myrna, her mother, and her young brother were stricken. No nurses were available. Myrna's father took care of them. And just when they were on the road to re-



Myrna Loy launched her screen career as an "Oriental" type—thanks to a photographic accident. Before winning film success, she was a dancing teacher and one of the Fanchon-Marco girls. In the photograph on the left she is glimpsed soon after her screen début



How a courageous girl climbed adversity's ladder to stardom—and turned failure into success and happiness

by Grace Mack

Myrna Loy's Life

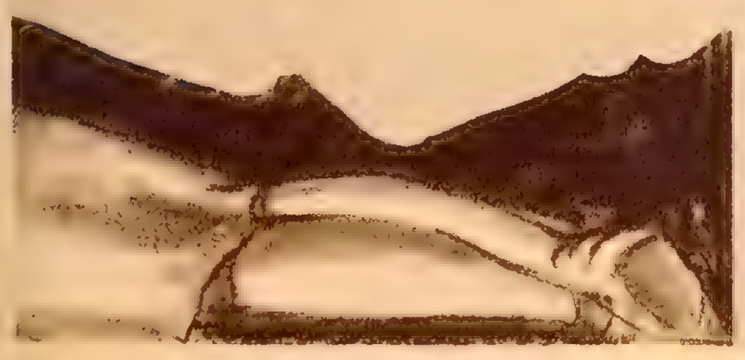
covery, he, too, was stricken. Myrna was taken to the home of a friend.

One day she sat at the window looking out upon the bleak, wind-swept street at the masked faces of the passers-by.

"There was something sinister about those flu-masked faces," says Myrna. "Father's words came back to me . . . *'If anything should ever happen to me!'* . . . and suddenly, intuitively, I knew that he had gone and that I would have to be the head of the family."

Those two events very definitely changed the pattern of Myrna's life. Following the death of her father, the family moved to California. It was while Myrna was attending the Venice High School that her third dramatic highlight took place. It was of a vastly different nature from the others but she regards it as a "marker" in her memory book.

Prof. Winebrenner, head of the high



school art department and a sculptor of national renown, was working on a sculptored group to grace the school campus. It was to be an allegory expressing the Spirit of Education. There were three figures, one "mental," one "physical" and one "spiritual." Finding models for the first two was comparatively simple. But a model for the spiritual figure, a girl with a beautiful body and a face that reflected spirituality, beauty and intelligence, was more difficult. Myrna was finally chosen as the model.

The day on which those figures were unveiled made a marked impression upon Myrna. The students had gathered on the campus. The President of the University of California spoke concerning the nobility of thought and purpose which the sculptored figures reflected. Only Prof. Winebrenner knew the identity of the girl who had posed for the "spirit" figure and doubtless not even he suspected what was going on in the mind of his tawny-haired model as she gazed for the first time upon her marble counterpart. For Myrna made a promise to herself that day; a promise to try to emulate the thought and feeling which the marble figure expressed.

She resolved to never let anyone know that she had posed for the figure until she had really accomplished something in the world.

"Of course I was young and idealistic," says Myrna, "and looking back on that period of my life I realize that I had my head very much in the clouds. However, it was during that idealistic stage that I acquired a philosophy which helped me to hurdle the numerous bumps and disappointments which I encountered when I went out into the world to earn my living."

When Myrna was sixteen she came face to face with the sober fact that the family funds had ebbed to practically nothing. And since she considered herself the head of the family, she felt that it was up to her to get a job.

Her first job was that of a teacher in a little dancing school in Culver City, only a stone's throw from the studio where she is now a star. What she could spare of her earnings she spent on dancing lessons for herself. Eventually, she secured a job in a Fanchon & Marco chorus.

And here again the threads of fate began to weave their pattern. Henry Waxman, a photographer, came to the theatre to make some camera studies of the dancing girls. Something about Myrna's face [*Continued on page 76*]



In *Quest* of

Continuing the thrilling life drama of Errol Flynn, the dashing young Irishman, whose spectacular rise to stardom is making screen history

"ERROL FLYNN, you are charged with Murder in the First Degree. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

His Brittanic Majesty's Court was in full session as the clerk's voice droned on. District Commissioner S—— was seated gravely on the dais. As Errol Flynn rose solemnly to his feet to answer the grim charge, he had a wild, Irish impulse to laugh. He and his pals, District Commissioner S—— and the local jailer, had been out together the night before on a party and all this punctiliousness seemed strangely out of place.

"Not guilty!" He paused appreciably before adding, "Your Honor! Or, if you'll allow it, guilty under due provocation."

The trial, such as it was, droned on. It would have been highly amusing to the Devil-take-the-hindermost Irishman had not his own life, after all, been at stake. There was never much question as to the outcome of the murder charge, especially with Flynn's excellent record to back him up, but, during the examination it did develop that Mr. Flynn's labor safari license had expired. A purely nominal offense in those parts, where every white man knows every other one and his business as well, but, nevertheless, one which allowed the court to maintain proper dignity before the natives.

"Errol Flynn! Stand before the Court of His Majesty George the Fifth, by Grace of God, King of England, Scotland and Wales; Regent of Ireland . . ."

"Just the North of Ireland!" murmured Mr. Flynn with a perfectly straight face.

"Ireland," repeated the clerk, "Emperor of India and Benign Sovereign of the Lands Across the Sea."

D. C. S—— coughed and did his best to look a proper representative of all such majesty.

"Errol Flynn," he intoned deeply, "We find you guilty of operating a labor recruiting party in the interior for profit and without proper authority and license. Due to past record, extenuating circumstances, etc., we fine you five pounds. Please pay the Court Clerk."

"Now wait a bit, old man—beg your pardon, Your Honor—you know bloody well I haven't got five quid to my name! What's the alternate sentence?"

"Three weeks!" replied the Honorable Court unhappily.

"Right you are! I'll take it!"

"Now, see here, Errol!" began the

Court with a hint of plaintive appeal in its august voice, "You can't do a thing like this to me! You know damn' well we haven't any gaol on the island nor within a fortnight's sail."

"Sure," grinned Erroll, "and that's why I picked the three weeks instead of the five quid."

D. C. S.—— contemplated Errol sadly. To think that such a nice chap would pull such a dirty trick on a pal! He summoned Monty, the official "gaoler" (without a gaol to his name) and they had a whispered colloquy. It ended up with Monty frowning heavily for the benefit of the assembled natives and leading Errol to his own home for a three week's stay.

As soon as they were out of ear-shot, "Errol, my laddy, you're a dirty, scummy low-life and a scoundrel." He grinned while pausing to think of other epithets. "To think that you'd put the good old D. C. in such a spot! And worse, to think that you'd take advantage of it to foist your carcass on me and my beeootiful home for three weeks!"

"You're right, Monty! It's sad to see what the tropics'll do to a man's character. Let's stop at the pub on the way to the shack—or should I say gaol, nice and respectful-like?—and get a bottle of the best to discuss it over?"

"I'm not so sure of the propriety of that, my bucko," Monty commented seriously. "Maybe I'd better go in alone and buy the bottle myself . . ."

"Right you are!" exclaimed Errol enthusiastically.

". . . but you pay for it!" Monty concluded generously.

The three of them had a grand time of it during those weeks of Errol's durance vile. Within a few hours the easy going powers-that-be had forgotten all about his courtroom perfidy and once more they settled down to life in the islands. Prisoner Flynn had the run of the place with the one reservation that he had to be home and in bed by midnight—in a settlement where no one was ever abroad after nine if he was in his right mind and didn't want snake-bite or a native spear in his skin!

After the "sentence" expired, months passed by in a gloriously easy manner and life was very good to young Flynn. Why not? An easy country that, if a man *is* a man and has a taste for adventure. An easy country if you don't demand lights brighter than a tropic sun nor softer and more languorous than the Southern moon



Errol Flynn's new rôle in *Charge of the Light Brigade* promises to be even more sensational than his first screen appearance, as daring *Captain Blood*

Romance

by

William Ulman, Jr.

Illustration by J. Sweet, Jr.



on a shimmering, phosphorescent sea. The old fable of a man having to dress for dinner in the Southern Isles to keep his spirits up is bosh—if he has any spirit he *lives* and doesn't care tuppence for such nonessentials as clothes. In the islands a man must be big enough to know that reputations in the common sense of the word are only crutches for the weaklings.

FATE and a trim little schooner known as the "Maski" carried Errol down through such island groups as the Solomons and New Hebrides, to dread Noumea and back again. Even the name of the boat typifies the breed that roam the world, for Maski means "Who cares?" The Maski carried him on to the mouth of the notorious Fly river which empties its brown silt into Torres Strait, home of a thousand unknown terrors and the cleanly picked skeletons of countless mariners.

In a small trading settlement, Flynn chanced upon an harassed plantation owner who, over copious "gin-and-it's," complained bitterly about how the missions up-river were ruining native labor. The young Irishman's finances were getting low. This seemed like a gift from heaven. Of course, he admitted, he didn't know the Fly country, but, natives were natives the world over and he would guarantee to bring in twenty boys at twenty pounds a head, Four Thousand Straits Dollars. He was surprised to be taken up so quickly. After all, the Fly was supposed to be fairly well civilized almost to its mountain source . . .

Ten days saw Errol, properly licensed, on his way up stream, the Maski sold for a grub stake, [*Continued on page* 82]



To complement a dinner costume of black crêpe and white pique, Fay Wray, appearing in the Columbia picture, *Roaming Lady* selects a large picture hat of black baku with banding and side trim of white grosgrain

by

Sally Martin



Sally Martin, fashion editor of the Fawcett Publications, and Evalyn Knapp, screen star (left) take time off for lunch following a shopping excursion

HATS are the clarions of impressions we would create. People influence hats and hats influence people. In this present season when Europe is again in the toils of unrest and discontent, Paris designers have sent us hats from the very countries that were fundamental in reflecting this fervor—Germany, Italy and China.

The Hitler influence is strongly felt in sports hats that feature visor brims while Mussolini is well represented by the pointed crown and betasseled turbans that are worn so becomingly by many smart women. Last, but not least, are the Chinese coolie hats with their wide or narrow rolled brims and queer shaped crowns.

Therefore, the hodge-podge of 1936 millinery represents the nations of the hour, the most talked of people of the day, the powerful and the suppressed—Hitler, Mussolini and the lowly coolie toiling in the rice fields of far off China.

4-STAR HATS



Above, left: A summer sports hat in powder blue felt is worn by the attractive Columbia player, Joan Perry, appearing in the current production *Blackmailer*. A deep navy grosgrain band matches a perky feather. Above, right: The *dernier cri* in the fashion millinery world is the glass hat designed by Agnes and worn by Joan Perry. The crown of the transparent brim is of spun glass marcelled to imitate hair



Above: Anita Louise appearing in the Warner Bros' film, *Anthony Adverse* wears a lovely garden hat of white linen straw topped with a nosegay of the same gay field flowers that make the enormous pocket on her lace gown. Hat from Lesley James. Below, right: Charming Joan Bennett, Paramount star, choses a white quilted crêpe turban tied with a blue bow-knot to accompany her print street dress



—Charles Rhodes

Determined to defeat her six-foot brother at croquet, Shirley Temple sneaks out for a little lone-wolf practice in preparation for the match



Knocking About with Shirley







Can You Qualify for Stardom?

W. S. Van Dyke, one of Hollywood's ace directors and the discoverer of many leading stars, frankly lists the qualities which every candidate for screen success must acquire

by Sonia Lee

THIS is an age when all women seek perfection, when every woman seeks to realize her every latent ability and her every latent talent. A woman may have no ambition to stand in the spotlight of Fame, yet yearn for pre-eminence in her own circle.

Essentially, the women who have achieved stardom on the screen have done so because they have capitalized upon the potential qualities which *every* woman possesses. If they have lacked any requisites, they have acquired them. Every woman can do the same.

The Chart for Stardom, which you will find at the conclusion of this article, may well be called a Chart for Charm. In it, W. S. Van Dyke, recognized as one of the outstanding directors in Hollywood, gives you a list of questions in which you, by answering honestly, and objectively, and with insight, may discover your faults and your virtues.

Today, personality is the one thing which counts most on the screen—and off the screen, as well. It marks the difference between the shy little wren who fades into the background and the girl who "registers." The abilities requisite for screen success are the abilities requisite for graceful living and for social happiness.

Many women believe that beauty is essential to recognition. But each year hundreds of exquisitely beautiful girls come to Hollywood and are defeated in their search for even a tiny niche in the motion picture industry. Years ago, perhaps, beauty was a passport to stardom. Today, it is not. Mere physical beauty is no longer a necessity in any walk of life.

In this modern age, "beauty" has a new definition. It involves a certain personality, a certain undefinable charm of character which in the stars the camera finds and records. But in the non-professional woman is given the reward of flattering attention and friendships.

In analyzing the qualities which the screen demands, Van Dyke also indexes the qualities which any successful woman must have. He says:

"An actress can—and must—acquire a lovely figure because clothes are an important feature in the general run of pictures and only a beautiful body gives them distinction. Joan Crawford, for instance, lends an air to gingham and adds immeasurably to the beauty of the gowns she wears on the screen.

"A graceful carriage is essential. A knowledge of what to do with your hands and your feet when you enter a room or sit in a chair. That, of course, involves mental poise, which may be achieved through calculated study and mental training."

How to wear clothes, then, is important for a star, but it is important for *you,* too. The old saw that clothes don't make the man is a fallacy. New acquaintances judge you by your clothes and by the way you wear them, because they have no other standard, no other measure for their first opinions. And remember, [*Continued on page 87*]



"Woody" Van Dyke, director of *Rose Marie* and half-a-hundred other hit films, is recognized as one of Hollywood's shrewdest "talent scouts"

Ronald Colman's



A revealing glimpse of personalities—a man who finds contentment in

by
Kathari



Ronald Colman and Director Frank Capra watch the filming of night scenes for *Lost Horizons*. Warner Baxter and Colman (below), inseparable pals, attend the Pacific Tennis Championships

THERE is something about Ronald Colman, a mystery in his smile, an enigma in his eyes, an "X" quality that has baffled the world. Even friends who have known him for years have to admit that they don't know him well. And as for writers —well, he's one riddle that most of us gave up long ago. And we gave up easily—Mr. Colman is the kind of a gentleman you just don't try to batter down!

I never would have purposely striven for the answer myself. It was an answer that I stumbled on quite by accident, as happens even in advanced algebra now and then. As far as I am concerned at least, the Ronald Colman "unknown quantity" is no more.

It all came out of an ordinary shop-talk conversation, about Mr. Colman's new picture, no less.

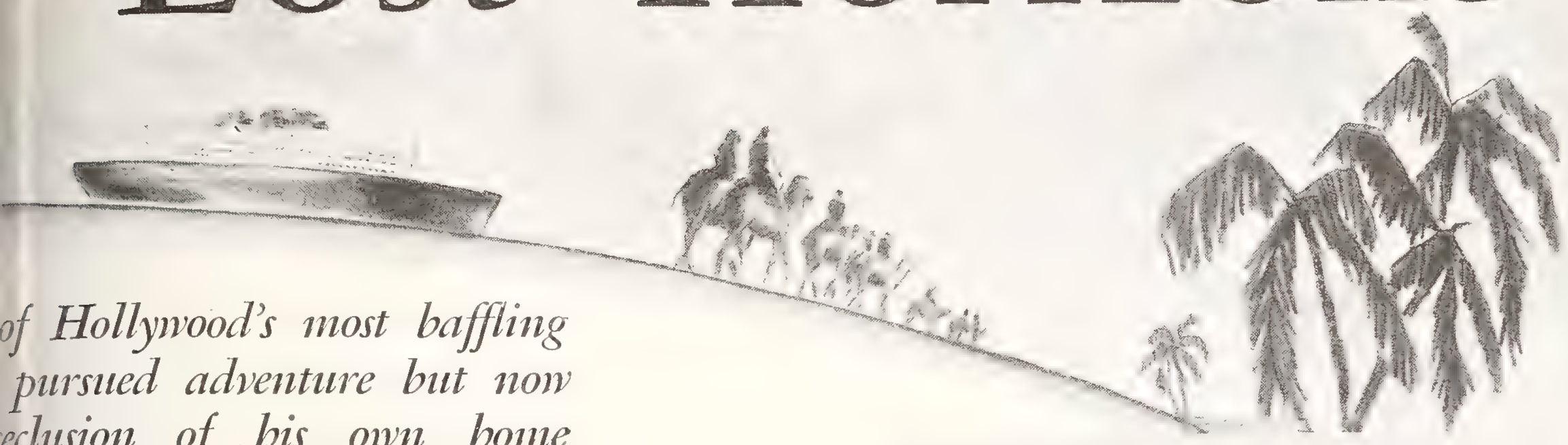
"*Lost Horizons* is the story of Shangri-la," he told me. "A sort of 'Utopia,' in Tibet. A place where everything is calm and peaceful, where people live in utter tranquility, ignoring the qualms of the outer world, gathering together their own rich treasure against the day when the outer world will defeat itself with its own fury, and its fighting, and its lust for destruction. It's a place where time moves slowly but richly. Where they ignore the thought of death. Where death itself is rare. People at Shangri-la live many years beyond their allotted time. A woman of sixty still appears to be a girl of twenty-two. The High Lama is a man over 200 years old when he finally dies. Of course that part of it is fantastic. But the rest . . ." Mr. Colman paused a moment.

"As for the rest," he said simply, "it not only sounds desirable, but highly sensible to me. What could be better? Call it a treasure trove against the world, if you like. Not gold, though there is gold in Shangri-la, but that is of the least importance. What is more important is the treasure in its great library, in its art collection, in its music rooms . . . and the treasure in the hearts of its people. Wisdom and peace and humility and meekness. It's a horizon lost to the rest of the world, too busy with its hustle and bustle . . . its dissatisfactions and its warfare. But it's a found horizon to the people of Shangri-la. To some people I suppose a quiet place like that would be an awful bore. To me . . . well . . ."

His expression was eloquent. At that moment any nincompoop could have seen the focus spot for the far-away look in the Colman eyes, the vision behind the smile . . . and known that the lost horizon of the picture is Ronald Colman's, too!

"Everyone has his lost horizon, I suppose. To the painter it may be a south sea isle filled with wild, riotous colors. To the

"Lost Horizons"



of Hollywood's most baffling pursued adventure but now eclusion of his own home

Hartley





machinist it might be a world run like clock-work. To the backfence gossiper"—he grinned—"it might be Hollywood. To me it's something quite different. Any quiet nook where there's peace. My car will do, when it's parked along a good fishing stream a hundred miles from nowhere. Or anybody's creaky old boat, as long as it has the sea around it. Most often, with the doors closed, it's my library at home."

Then suddenly he changed his mood and his tone. "You know it's a funny thing about people. Take this fellow, Bob Conway, the man in the picture, the part I play, for example. He was an adventurer before he went to Shangri-la. Always ferreting out excitement, always jumping headlong into the thick of things, always curious, eager to try anything once. Yet when he is brought by force to Shangri-la, along with several fellow travelers, he is the first to fall under its spell. The rest hate it, fear it, as something ominous and strange. Yet from the beginning Conway falls into the peaceful pattern of the place.

Some people may find that difficult to understand. But I understand it, perfectly. Because in a lesser degree I used to follow excitement around too. Of course I was never decorated for bravery or anything like that. I never made English conquests in Africa. Unlike Conway, I never did anything really noble or daring. But I did try to. Like millions of other very young men I saw zest in everything, even in war. Like the millions of others, too, I found there was nothing zestful about it. But I wasn't cured. Why I even saw the jobless aftermath as a glorious experience . . . a chance to prove my mettle, to strike out on my own. [*Continued on page* 85]

Isabel Jewell and Ronald Colman, lovers in *Lost Horizons*, make the acquaintance of one of the baby camels used in the picture, which has a mysterious valley in the Tibetan wilds as locale

From all the world Hollywood collects untrained personalities and converts them into saleable merchandise



Irene Ware, Henry Wadsworth, Kent Taylor and Phyllis Brooks. Hollywood wonders what their screen futures will be when they have finally emerged from its manufacturing processes

How Hollywood

THIS is the true and complete story of Mary Doe's sensational rise to stardom. If some of its facts are a bit disillusioning, others are inspiring. If it reveals Mary as something less than an all-sufficient Goddess, it also reveals her as a very admirable human being, dependent, like all the rest of us, upon the aid and co-operation of our fellow mortals. And Mary won't mind the telling of her story, for she's a very sensible miss, who, after all, would rather live on hot cakes and bacon than on an Olympian diet of ambrosia and nectar.

Mary came to Hollywood from Ottawa, Kansas . . . from Kent, Ohio . . . from Tallahassee, Florida . . . from Walla Walla, Washington . . . from San Diego, California—which is a varied but plausible background since she is a composite rather than an actual personage. Mary, you see, is an "average" star, especially created for the sake of convenience in telling this story.

How then did she rise to stardom? To fame? To wealth?

She didn't! She was lifted!

Or, to describe the process more exactly, Mary, like the great majority of Hollywood's leading stars, whose ideal representative she is, was made into a star by an intelligently planned *manufacturing process.*

The fact is that the old hit-and-miss, "seven-come-eleven" days are gone forever in the motion picture industry. It all used to be a wild, haphazard gamble—this business of finding, creating and selling screen stars. Sign 'em today, star 'em tomorrow and trust to God and the publicity department—that was the practice in even the biggest studios. It didn't make a lot of difference whether the girl was a greenhorn or an experienced trouper. If she had spectacular beauty, there was always some optimistic producer ready to take a chance on her box office appeal. In those days, the directors and the writers did it all, anyway—and Mr. and Mrs. Public, being very movie hungry, were none too discriminating in their judgment of acting. In short, picture profits were huge and a beautiful girl was a beautiful girl!

Things changed, perforce, with the coming of sound. Actors and actresses could no longer merely "walk through" their roles and, one by one, the majority of the old silent favorites fell by the wayside. And the producers, terrified by the problems and uncertainties of the "new medium," did not dare to gamble in time-honored fashion on inexperienced players. Every studio began importing trained stage stars by the train load.

But the stage stars, despite their training, failed in many cases to adapt their technique to the screen. Furthermore, the stage could not supply enough new talent. The leading producers soon realized that they must install a definite system of star manufacturing. And that is just what has been accomplished. Mary Doe is the typical product of that system. And so will be the Mary Does of next year and the years to come.

When Mary first arrived in Hollywood, she was no more glamourous, no

by
Eric Ergenbright



Manufactures A Star

more beautiful and no more talented than the girl who lives next door. She had appeared in a few unimportant stage rôles, been glimpsed by the scouts of a big studio—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, for the sake of convenience—and given a "long term contract." Now, a long term contract has a high and mighty sound, but in fact, it was nothing more than an option on her services, to be exercised *if* she made good.

During her first week in the studio, she was interviewed by a number of sharp-eyed individuals, who, while chatting with her in the most friendly fashion, analyzed her as mercilessly as a student zoologist dissects a frog. Her hairdress, her clothes, her make-up, her carriage, her voice, her teeth, her mannerisms, her features and her figure were studied for flaws. In that detailed study, she was merely a piece of raw material.

And then the tests began—tests from which Mary had to emerge as a valuable personality or a washout. One test after another was filmed—dozens of them—some with experienced actors working with her and some with her working alone. Some tests were taken to assay her acting ability, some to determine what make-up she should wear, some to experiment with her hairdress, some to try the quality of her voice at different pitches. And, for every test, Mary was altered, first in this detail, then in that. And, night after night, while Mary trembled in the seclusion of her apartment, the studio's producers and departmental experts sat in a projection room, watched her tests and formed their plans.

At long last, after several weeks of experimentation and Allah alone knows how many thousand feet of film exposed, everyone agreed that she had *possibilities*—that, "handled right" and given the proper "build-up," she might eventually become a box office attraction.

During the tests it was discovered that her teeth photographed badly. Several of them were too small, others were set too far forward and threw shadows in a cross light.

So Mary went to a dentist—not an ordinary dentist, by the way, but a very great specialist whose practice consists largely of disguising the dental defects of screen stars.

She went with considerable fear, in spite of the fact that the dentist in question had exercised his trickery on many another girl. Hadn't he constructed two new dental veneers for Elinor Powell, to conceal the crookedness of two front teeth? Hadn't he re-aligned the teeth of Phyllis Brooks . . . and made a couple of elegant "caps" for Elissa Landi . . . and closed up a too noticeable gap in Anna Sten's "pearls of beauty"?

He made little porcelain caps which fitted over Mary Doe's defective teeth—and what a change they made in her appearance. When she tried to thank him, he modestly showed her photographic proof of the work that he had done for several other celebrities, Clark Gable and Marilyn Miller notably, and she decided that she had been let off very lightly.

Next she paid a visit to Dr. Ginsberg, whose specialty is noses, and, after a number of minor operations and some very painful moments, you would scarcely have recognized her as the same girl. And the producers agreed that her new Grecian profile would look "swell" on the twenty-four sheets.

And now enters Adrian, Metro's great designer, the man who has done wonders in lending Garbo, Crawford, Shearer and [*Continued on page* 66]



Robert Taylor, one of the screen's most popular stars today, yesterday was a student in the Hinsdale school. He succeeded; many of his fellows failed



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Models on *Parade*

Original dresses designed by clever Lettie Lee, Hollywood stylist, are the awards offered to Movieland Tour winners. They are worn by Caroline Hauseman who appears in the Columbia production "Trapped by Television"

(See page 79)



White Onondaga-Batar trimmed with a ruffled collar and hem treatment of navy blue linen.



A luscious Lettie Lee creation for summer afternoons in pink crepe with frilly collar and lace trimmed sleeves



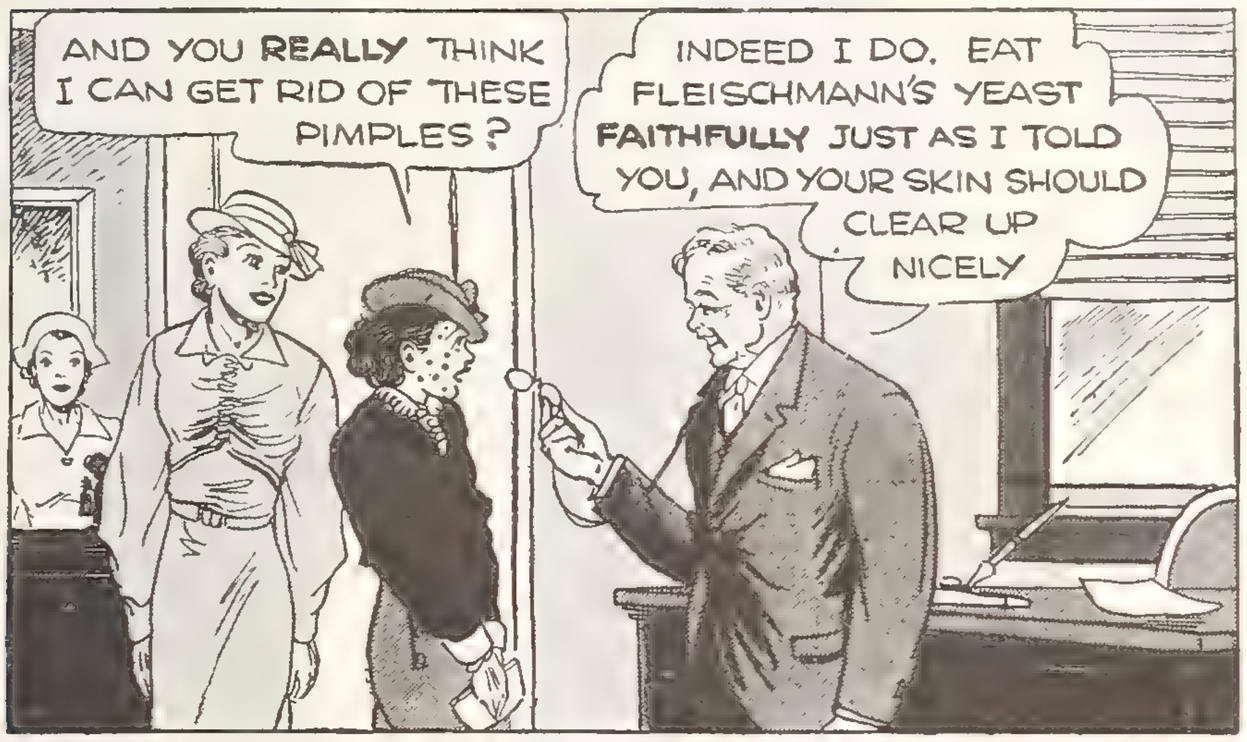
Above: In the vacation spirit is this white Onondaga-Batar creation with a top of blue banded in red. Right: A smart Lettie Lee design for summer of oyster white Onondaga-Batar



HER PIMPLY SKIN MADE ANN FEEL LIKE A TOTAL LOSS











—*clears the skin*

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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Don't let Adolescent Pimples spoil YOUR vacation plans

A BROKEN-OUT skin is no help to any girl or boy who longs to be popular and have good times. But unfortunately, many young people are victims of this trouble.

After the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer—important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the entire body. The skin gets oversensitive. Harmful waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Thousands have found Fleischmann's Yeast a great help in getting rid of adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly*—one cake about ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.

How can *I* get a Wave like that?



THE LOVELY STAR, KATHLEEN BURKE

. . . . Thousands of women write to the Hollywood stars for *this* beauty advice. Always they receive the same answer, "After completely testing every known method of permanent waving, the Duart method has received the exclusive and official endorsement of the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild . . . nearly every star on the screen has her hair Duart Waved."

This same Duart wave is available in your own community for there is only one Duart wave . . . it is the same in every one of the 20,000 shops that feature it from coast to coast. To be sure you are getting the one and only genuine Duart wave, look for the sealed package of permanent waving Pads . . . your hairdresser will let you open them yourself . . . then you'll know your hair is to be waved with the same method that adds such glamour and soft, glowing charm to the lovely heads you see on the screen. FREE BOOKLET enables you to copy a screen star's hairstyle exactly. Choose from page after page of Hollywood's newest coiffures styled by Hollywood's leading artists. Booklet sent free with one 10-cent package of Duart's Hollywood Hair Rinse. No dye—no bleach just a colorful and cleansing touch of sunlight. Select your shade—see coupon.

DUART

permanent waves

DEMAND THIS SEALED PACKAGE FOR A GENUINE DUART WAVE



SEND 10c FOR HAIR RINSE AND FREE BOOKLET

DUART, 984 Folsom Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Enclosed find 10c; send me shade of rinse marked and copy of your booklet, "Hollywood Coiffures for 1936."

☐ Dark Brown	☐ Henna	☐ Black	☐ Medium Brown
☐ Chestnut Brown	☐ Golden Brown	☐ White or Gray Platinum	☐ Golden Blonde
☐ Titian Reddish Brown	☐ Titian Reddish Blonde	☐ Ash Blonde	☐ Light Golden Blonde

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

7

DUART WAVES ARE THE CHOICE OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARS

Personality of the Month



Arthur Treacher

SOMETIMES a slip of paper is just something for the wind to blow away . . . and sometimes it saves a life, changes the whole course of events . . .

In Arthur Veary Treacher's life there were two slips of paper that played such parts. The first was handed to him in a French battlefield in 1915. He was second in command of Battery 363 in the Hampshire Garrison Artillery and the paper ordered him to report to Headquarters at once. Thirty seconds later he was on his way—and the dugout he had just left was blown to smithereens.

The second slip of paper, he declares, was very nearly as vital in import. It was a notice of his failure to pass the English bar examinations. Had he passed them, he would have lost his dearest wish—to go on the stage. And the stage would have lost its funniest version of the monocled Englishman.

It all started one Easter Saturday afternoon in the Hippodrome theater in his native Brighton. To an apparently empty house he sang the soulful ditty of "Reckless Reggie"—with startling results. A voice in the "audience" boomed out, "Who are you?" It belonged to one of Britain's most prominent producers, Charles Cochran, whose sister was married to Treacher's Uncle Tom. Identification being established across the footlights, Arthur was invited to join the chorus of "Maggie" at three pounds per week. [*Continued on page 77*]

MILK
makes four star beauty news

By DORIS DUMONT

This new creme made from milk certainly is getting the big rave from Hollywood's beauty experts and the stars as well. In the dressing rooms and make-up departments at every studio the praises are the same. Nothing I could write here would convey one-tenth part of their enthusiasm so I'm going to publish answers to the four questions most frequently asked by my readers about the new Creme of Milk. Now for the questions:

"Is Creme of Milk really made from milk?"

I quote from a letter written to the makers of Creme of Milk by California's largest producers and sellers of dairy products, Golden State Co. Ltd. They say:

"The concentrated oils of pure, fresh, wholesome dairy milk, or dairy cream, furnished by us for inclusion in Creme of Milk, measure up to the highest quality standards of this Company for purity, freshness and wholesomeness."

"Does it nourish the skin?"

Because it is made from milk, Creme of Milk nourishes the skin in a very special way of its own. No other creme or beauty preparation of any kind has ever been able



Mrs. Pat O'Brien, charming wife of the famous Warner Bros. he-man star, says: "Creme of Milk is even more important to the society woman than to the screen star."



Marion Talley, Metropolitan Opera Star, now being featured on the NBC Network, says: "I've never used anything that made my skin feel and look as fresh and youthful."

to duplicate the beneficial effects of milk oils on the skin.

"How do you use Creme of Milk?"

Creme of Milk is much quicker and simpler to use than an ordinary face creme. The moment you spread it on you can fairly feel your skin drinking it in. Leave it but a minute or two, then wipe it off easily.

"Does it penetrate the skin?"

Creme of Milk penetrates the pores and skin tissues more deeply than any other creme known because milk oils are far more delicate and finely textured than the wax, mineral oil, lanolin and similar substances of which other cremes are made. For this reason it cleanses more thoroughly and more quickly.

Creme of Milk shipments were rushed to more than 5,000 stores last month and in California alone more than 100,000 women are already using it. Stores in your community may not have received their shipments yet, so I suggest you write me personally enclosing fifty cents for a regular size jar or one dollar for a large size jar of this thrilling new creme. Address your letter to Doris Dumont, Hollywood, Calif.

CLEAR YOUR SKIN WITH *Milk!*



JOAN MARSH IN "DANCING FEET"

AMAZING NEW FACE CREME ACTUALLY MADE FROM RICH DAIRY MILK

Send 10c
for 3 day trial. See coupon.



REPUBLIC PRODUCTION

Creme of Milk has new nourishing and cleansing qualities found in no other creme

Because it is made from milk, Duart's new beauty discovery, Creme of Milk, has special qualities that clear the skin with amazing speed. Hollywood stars and their cosmetic experts say that the Creme of Milk formula for extracting the vital beautifying oils from pure dairy milk is the greatest cosmetic discovery in twenty years.

If your complexion is not as soft, smooth and youthful as it should be—do as all Hollywood and thousands of women everywhere are doing now—change from your present cleansing methods and start using the thrilling new type creme—Creme of Milk.

See improvements first day

You will know Creme of Milk is different the very moment you spread it on . . . you can fairly feel your skin drinking it in. Improvements that you can see and feel come quickly. Dryness, coarse pores, blackheads and other marks of a poor complexion go fast when the genuine milk-oils penetrate deep into the tissues, cleanse away all dirt and build up the supply of the natural youth-giving oils that feed and nourish the skin.

No other creme, lotion or soap can duplicate the amazing effects of milk on the skin and yet Creme of Milk costs no more than the most ordinary face cremes. Try it for 10c or order a regular size jar for 50c, large economy size $1. On sale at your favorite cosmetic counter.





LENORE SABINE, President of the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild and Head Hairstylist of Paramount Studios says: "Creme of Milk is truly a NEW TYPE of creme. There is nothing else like it —every star I know is using it to protect the beauty of her skin."

Mail Coupon Today to DUART, 984 Folsom St. San Francisco, Calif.
I enclose 10c for which please send me ONE regular 20 cent size jar of Creme of Milk.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....7

ONLY BEAUTY CREME IN THE WORLD MADE FROM MILK

"Get Acquainted" Offer

10¢



New! BUD VASE *Glass Urn of*
POMPEIAN OLIVE OIL
and BOOK *of* SALAD RECIPES

SOMETHING new! Famous Pompeian Olive Oil in a classic glass urn that can be used as a beautiful bud vase when empty! To acquaint you with Pompeian pure, virgin, imported Olive Oil, we'll send it, together with a book of tested recipes (including famous Pompeian "Slenderizing Salads") for only 10c.

Pompeian is First Press Olive Oil, from selected, hand-picked Mediterranean olives. At grocers' and druggists', in classic glass urns and attractive blue tins.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

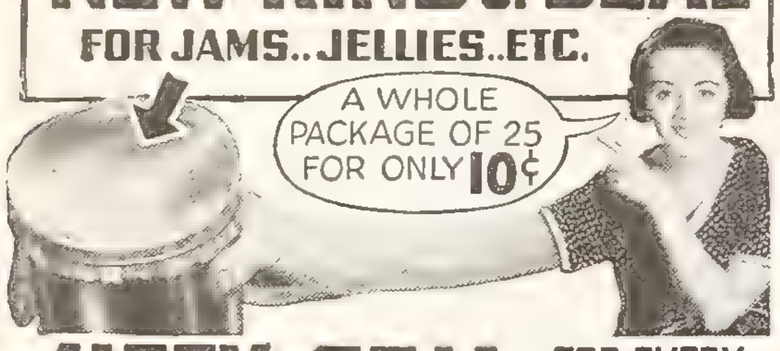
Pompeian Olive Oil Corp., Balto., Md., U. S. A.

I enclose 10c. Send me new bud vase glass urn of Pompeian Olive Oil and book of tested recipes. Dept. O.

Name FWG-7

Address .....

NEW KIND OF SEAL
FOR JAMS..JELLIES..ETC.



JIFFY-SEAL FOR EVERY KIND OF GLASS OR JAR!

Saves Time—Money—Labor—Materials

A MARVELOUS new invention needed by every housewife who makes jellies, jams, etc. Seals any glass or jar in ½ the usual time, at ⅓ the usual cost! No wax to melt—no tin tops to sterilize—no mess—no waste. A perfect seal every time. Amazingly easy to use. Try Jiffy-Seals—the new transparent film invention. If not yet at your dealer's, send 10c for full-size package to CLOPAY CORPORATION 1590 York St., Cincinnati, O.

At All Woolworth, Kresge & Other 5c & 10c Stores or Your Neighborhood Store

GET RID OF UGLY HAIR ZiP ODORLESS DEPILATORY

The new ZiP Facial Hair Remover contains no sulphides, no offensive odors. Instantly eliminates every trace of hair. Face, arms and legs. Ask your dealer or write *Madame Berthé*, 562 Fifth Ave., New York

Gail Patrick's Alabama Recipes

Southern "belles" are renowned for their beauty—and their cooking ability. Gail Patrick is no exception.

by Dorothy Dwan



"It's my turn now," says Gail as she and her Southern maid make ice cream in the good old fashioned way.

'YES SUH'—Gail Patrick has 'shore nuf' brought Alabama to Hollywood, and along with it, a new interest in Southern cooking. 'You all, would catch yourself talking the same way after meeting the young actress—her accent is so intriguing.

In an unpretentious house on a tiny side street, you will find this girl who, when she left Birmingham four years ago to do or die in pictures, packed crates of Colonial furniture—even found room for snap shots of her school friends. In her mind she treasured memories of the South and the atmosphere in which she had been reared.

"If I could have found room for a watermelon patch and my pet piccaninnies, I would have brought them, too," Gail confessed.

During our conversation, the actress had been patiently turning the handle of an old fashioned ice cream freezer! "Who ever heard of buying ice cream," she scoffed. "Down home we have it home made or not at all. Seems like I've been turning freezer cranks since I was knee high to a grasshopper."

Gail's Strawberry Ice Cream is worth the extra trouble!

1 qt. rich milk
1 qt. whipping cream
2 qts. fresh ripe strawberries
1 ¾ cups sugar (less if berries are very sweet)

Wash and hull berries, add sugar and let mixture stand for an hour, then slightly mash berries. Add milk and freeze in 8 parts ice and 1 part salt. When frozen to a soft mushy consistency, whip cream and add to the frozen mixture. Freeze until firm. Remove paddle, pack down firmly in freezing can, place piece of wax paper over the top, and fit cover on tightly. [*Continued on page* 86]

Joan Blondell's favorite recipe is

1 large fresh pineapple
½ cup marshmallows cut into pieces
1 pt. whole stemmed fresh strawberries
6 maraschino cherries
1 orange pulp
Instant dissolving sugar to sweeten
3 tsp. lemon juice
Cubes of raspberry gelatine

Select pineapple with plenty of stem leaves. Cut lengthwise, through fruit and leaves, making two boat shaped pieces with half the leaves on each boat. Scoop out pineapple, combine with other ingredients, except gelatine. Chill thoroughly and fill pineapple boats with salad. Garnish with glistening squares of raspberry gelatine and place in bed of cracked ice.

"Make-up Magic



Jeanne Earle

I learned from Loretta Young"

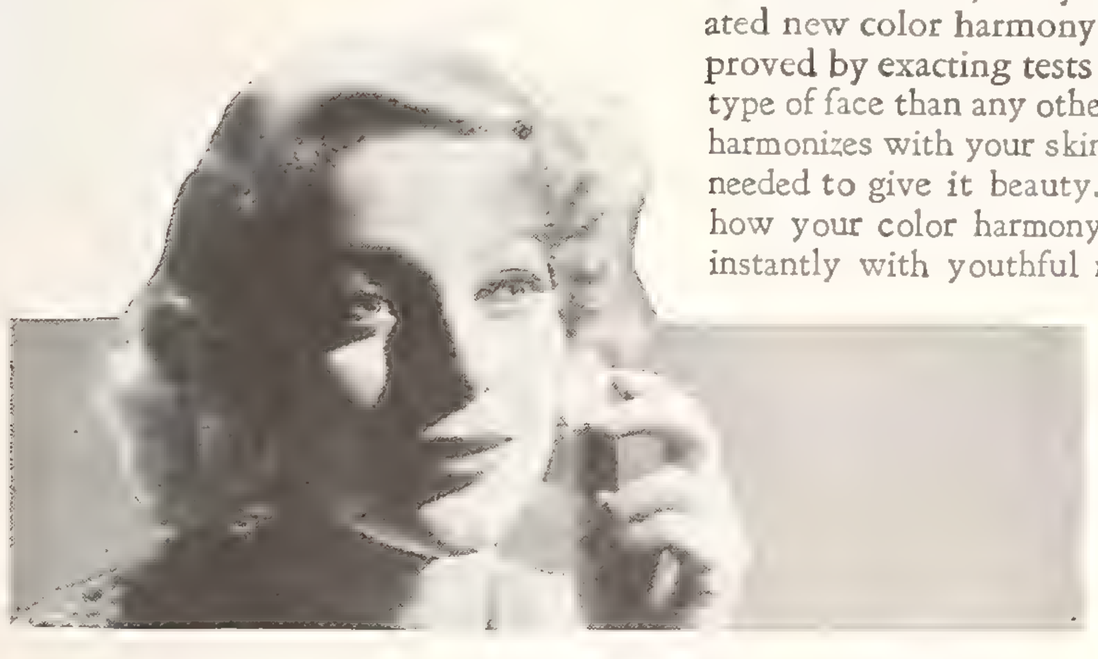


Since I've been using the same make-up that Max Factor creates for Loretta Young and all the beautiful screen stars, all my friends say I look twice as attractive! Powder, rouge and lipstick in the color harmony shade for my type has made such a difference in my appearance—won't you tell other women about your wonderful secret, so that they may have beauty too?". . . *Jeanne Earle.*

Loretta Young
in
«PRIVATE NUMBER»
A 20th Century-Fox Picture

A New Idea in Powder

"Using screen stars as models," says Loretta Young, "Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, has created new color harmony shades of powder which have proved by exacting tests to reveal more beauty in each type of face than any others." Max Factor's Face Powder harmonizes with your skin and also adds to it the color needed to give it beauty. Your mirror will show you how your color harmony shade will enliven your skin instantly with youthful radiance. One dollar.





Rouge that Gives You New Beauty

"Max Factor has created rouge in color harmony shades that give you new appealing loveliness," says Loretta Young. "The creamy-smooth texture blends easily, evenly, appears flawless even in a glaring light." If you want to see how lovely you can be, try this Hollywood secret — rouge in the color harmony shade for your type. Fifty cents.

Hollywood's New Lip Make-Up

"To make your lips more alluring," says Loretta Young, "Max Factor has created color harmony shades of lipstick which give you a charming, individual color." Max Factor's Lipstick lasts indefinitely because it is Super-Indelible, and may be applied to both inner and outer surface of the lips giving them an even, smooth make-up. One dollar.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

Would you like to try the make-up secret of Loretta Young and other Hollywood stars — color harmony powder, rouge, lipstick? Mail this coupon.

© 1936 *by Max Factor & Co.*

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*.. FREE.

5-7-12

NAME_____

STREET_____

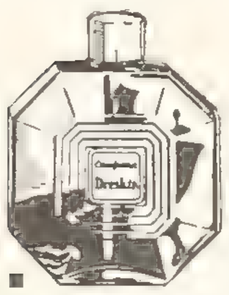
CITY_____ STATE_____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Check)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	



USE FREE COUPON BELOW

Is your face collecting a treacherous, pore-deep dirt—the kind of "dirty face" that brings on pimples, blackheads, enlarged pores and "faded" skin? Send for FREE BOTTLE offered below. Make the famous "1-2-3 DRESKIN TEST"—which has shown thousands of women the danger of using old-fashioned skin cleansing methods. DRESKIN, a *liquid* cleanser, is *guaranteed*—(1) to clear out deep-seated dirt—(2) to let your skin "breathe naturally"—(3) to neutralize *skin-drying alkali.* Mail the coupon today! Make the "1-2-3 Test" on your own skin. You be the judge!



Two sizes — 50c and $1.00

Campana

Dreskín

by the makers of Campana's Italian Balm

CAMPANA SALES COMPANY
157 Lincoln Highway, Batavia, Ill.

I enclose **3 cent stamp** for postage. Please send me FREE the TRAVEL SIZE bottle of DRESKIN.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

In Canada—Campana, FG-7 Caledonia Road, Toronto

COLOR YOUR HAIR

THE NEW FRENCH WAY

No matter how gray, faded, streaked your hair is now, it will soon possess again beautiful lasting color by the use of my new discovery **SHAMPO-KOLOR. Shampoos and colors the hair at the same time.** No experience necessary. Takes few minutes only. Can't fade, rub off. Colors gray hair close to scalp. Can be Permanent waved.

Free Booklet, Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 19-A, 254 W. 31 St. N. Y. C.

MILLIONS USE **"HUSH"** *for* **BODY ODORS**

Those who are fastidious and immaculate of their person welcome HUSH for its effective qualities to overcome excessive perspiration and unpleasant body odors. HUSH keeps the underarms fresh and free from every trace of odor. Use it daily.

25c 50c

4 Kinds

10c size at 10c stores





HAIR styles and fashions have a great deal in common. The modern woman goes at such a busy pace that her hair, as well as her clothes, must be prepared to be presentable at all hours of the day or night. Therefore, the eminent hair stylist, Perc Westmore, has designed a three in one combination—a coiffure to be worn from dawn till dusk, as smart with sports clothes as with formal evening attire.

Picture number I shows Joan Perry, attractive player appearing in the Columbia production *Blackmailer,* ready for a romp with her dog. She stops a moment so that we may get a good look at her smart sports coiffure. The tight ringlets hold the locks in place, sensible, yet extremely chic for the girl who indulges in active outdoor pastimes. Picture number 2, the rear view, shows the side part continuing down the back to form a double row of tight curls.

In picture number 3 for dressy afternoon occasions, Westmore gives Joan fundamentally the same hairdress, though if you look carefully you will see that it has been loosened and the side marcel is held in place by a rhinestone clip.

Hollywood's popular hair designer completes the three in one coiffure in picture number 4 by combing the hair out to give a softer appearance for evening wear. Enhanced by tiny pink rosebuds, this attractive hairdress combines charm and subtle sophistication.

Picture number 5 shows a wig, a novelty which is always intriguing to the feminine mind. Perc has designed this wig for Joan in pink yak. Wigs are sensational coiffures for dramatic occasions in Hollywood as well as in other smart fashion centers of the world.

by

Sally Martin

One





Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

LEADING dental authorities are agreed: "Most bad breath is caused by *improperly cleaned teeth!*"

Decaying food deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are by far the most common source of this social handicap—and of much tooth decay. Colgate Dental Cream has a special *penetrating* foam which thoroughly cleans each hidden crevice; and a soft grit-free ingredient which safely polishes the enamel . . . makes smiles sparkle.

So brush your teeth, gums, tongue with Colgate's at least twice daily. If you are not entirely satisfied, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will refund TWICE what you paid.





SOFT, WHITE

KISSABLE HANDS

Can be yours with Sofskin Creme

Magical New Discovery Softens, Whitens Instantly!

Be ready for romance! Keep your hands alluring . . . kissable . . . with Sofskin, the magical new Creme that smooths, softens and whitens them instantly. Delicately fragrant, Sofskin is absorbed so quickly gloves may be worn at once. No stickiness at all.

Sofskin also gives your throat and neck a smooth, white finish, without powder. Splendid as a powder base, manicure aid, for chapped or sunburned skin, for arms, legs.



The superfine texture of this amazing new Creme that is proving such a sensation, makes it a delight to use. A truly wonderful discovery . . and so economical! Ask for a generous 35c or 60c jar at your Beauty Shop or Cosmetic counter. Or ..send coupon now, with 6c, for trial jar.

GLESSNER CO., Dept. 222, Findlay, O. Please send me trial jar Sofskin Creme. (6c enclosed to cover handling)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

My Beauty Shop is_____

AMAZING! SILK HOSE

GUARANTEED TO *Wear Without Holes* OR NEW HOSE **FREE**



Amazing Guarantee Replaces Fine Silk Stockings Free. From 3 to 5 months wear Guaranteed. Sold through agents only. Startling money-making proposition. Mills reports $120 earned in one week; Poirier $127 in five days. Enormous selection. Over 100 styles, colors for men, women, children, all Guaranteed. Samples furnished. Send 1c postal quick.

AGENTS: UP TO $24 IN A WEEK

Men, women, enormous earnings. Full or spare time. Write, give hose size.

Your own Hose Free of Extra Cost

WILKNIT HOSIERY CO.
9-G Midway, Greenfield, Ohio

PHOTO Enlargements



Clear enlargement, bust, full length or part group, pets or other subjects made from any photo, snapshot or tintype at low price of 49c each; 3 for $1.00. Send as many photos as you desire. Return of original photos guaranteed.

ONLY **49¢** 3 for $1.00

SEND NO MONEY!

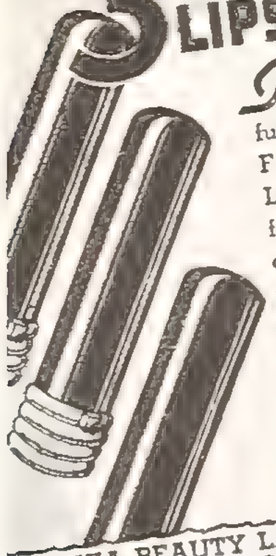
Just mail photo with name and address. In a few days postman will deliver beautiful enlargement that will never fade. Pay only 49c plus postage or send 50c—3 for $1.00, and we will pay postage ourselves.

BEAUTIFULLY CARVED FRAME FREE! To acquaint you with the HIGH quality of our work we will frame, until further notice, all pastel colored enlargements FREE. Illustrations of beautifully carved frames for your choice will be sent with your enlargement. Don't delay. Act now. Mail your Photos today. Write **NEW ERA PORTRAIT COMPANY**
11 E. HURON STREET, DEPT. 702, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

11 x 14 inches

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3 LIPSTICKS Free



It's our treat! Let us send you 3 full trial sizes of the well known FLAME-GLO Triple Indelible Lipstick FREE, each in a different, fascinating shade so you can discover the color most becoming to you. Just send 10¢ in stamps to cover mailing costs. Glorify your lips with FLAME-GLO . . . send coupon TODAY!

Flame-Glo
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
TRIPLE INDELIBLE

REJUVIA BEAUTY LABS., DEPT. G, 395 B'WAY, N.Y.C.
Send me 3 trial size lipsticks; enclosed find 10c (Stamps or Coin) for mailing cost.

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10¢ AND 20¢ AT LEADING 5 & 10¢ STORES

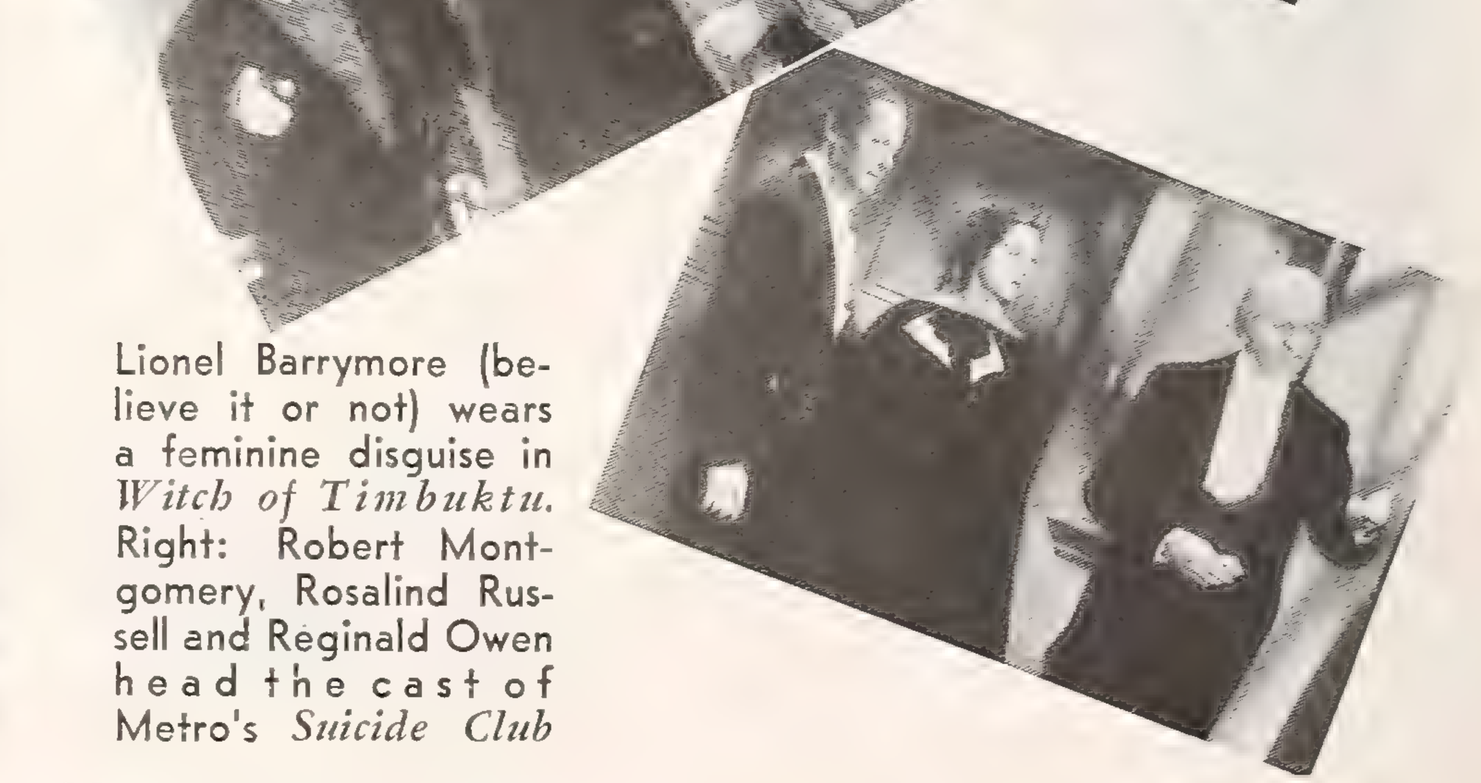
Now the



Fredric March and Katharine Hepburn in Radio Pictures' spectacle-drama, *Mary of Scotland*

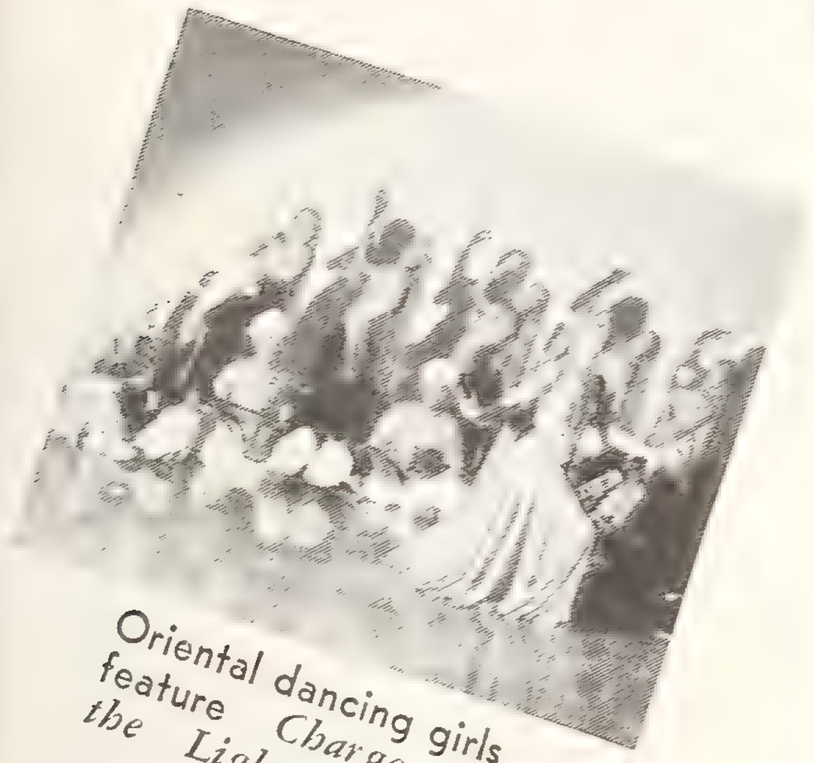
Henry Kolker, Norma Shearer and Ralph Forbes in a scene from *Romeo and Juliet*, now nearing completion

Helen Vinson and Clive Brook are co-starring in an English production, *Love In Exile*



Lionel Barrymore (believe it or not) wears a feminine disguise in *Witch of Timbuktu.* Right: Robert Montgomery, Rosalind Russell and Reginald Owen head the cast of Metro's *Suicide Club*

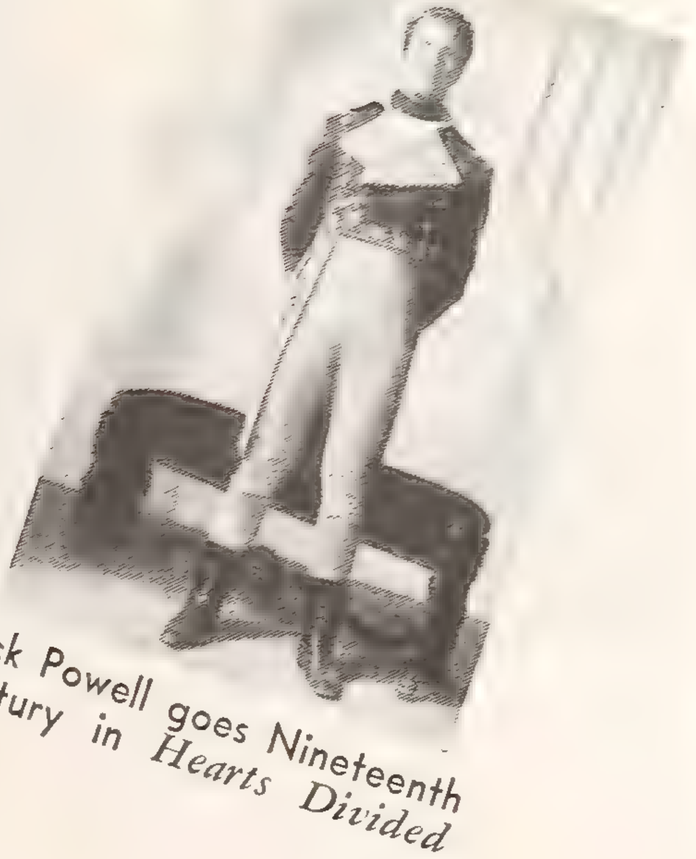
Before Cameras



Oriental dancing girls feature *Charge of the Light Brigade*



Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray are co-starring in *The Princess Comes Across*



Dick Powell goes Nineteenth century in *Hearts Divided*



WHAT IS THIS WOMAN AFRAID OF? How often a haunting fear spoils good times! But now—women can say goodbye to all that! A new and different kind of sanitary pad is here! Just ask for Modess. Then forget all your old worries . . . for Modess is *certain-safe!*



FEARS ARE NEEDLESS NOW! No shadow of fear need cross your mind, with Certain-Safe Modess! Unlike many ordinary reversible pads, Modess has a specially treated material on sides and back to prevent *striking through!* No chafing—the edges stay dry. Modess stays safe . . . stays soft. Wear the *blue line* on moisture-proof side *away* from the body and perfect protection is yours.



End "accident panic"—
ask for Certain-Safe

Modess!

The Improved Sanitary Pad

● *Try N-O-V-O—the safe, easy-to-use douche tablets. Cleanses! Deodorizes! Refreshes! (Not a contraceptive.) In a dainty Blue and Silver Box—at your drug or department store.*

NEW TATTOO CREAM MASCARA

Needs no water to apply—really waterproof!



TATTOO your eyelashes with this smooth, new cream mascara and your lashes will instantly look twice their real length; the South Sea enchantress' own way of achieving truly glamorous eyes. More waterproof than liquid darkeners; won't run or smear. Easier to apply than cake mascaras. Won't smart. Harmless. Actually makes lashes soft and curling, instead of brittle and "beady." Complete with brush in smart, rubber-lined satin vanity . . . 50c.

SEND COUPON FOR 30 DAY TUBE

TATTOO, 11 E. Austin Ave., Dept. G50, Chicago. 10c enclosed. Please send 30 day tube TATTOO Cream Mascara with brush. ☐Black ☐Brown ☐Blue (check color desired).

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*Street*_____

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KILL THE HAIR ROOT

Remove Superfluous Hair Forever

Remove the hair permanently, safely, privately at home, following simple directions The Mahler Method positively prevents the hair from growing again. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success.

Backed by 35 years of successful use all over the world. Send 6c in stamps TODAY for Illustrated Booklet, "How to Remove Superfluous Hair Forever."

D. J. MAHLER CO., Dept. 566G, Providence, R. I.

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Make THE ONE SPOT TEST

Dermoil is being used by thousands of men and women throughout the country to secure relief from the effects of this ugly, stubborn, embarrassing scaly skin disease which often causes humiliation and mental agony.

Apply Dermoil externally. Does not stain clothing. Watch the scales go, the red patches gradually disappear and enjoy the thrill of a clear skin again.

J. F. "Suffered for nine years Had spots on my scalp, forehead, arms, legs and fingernails. Nothing I ever used before has worked like Dermoil. You could not see the places where the scales were".—H. S. "I have suffered from psoriasis for eleven years. My condition now since using Dermoil seems almost impossible to believe. Prior to that time a cup to a cup and a half full of scales formed every day".—M. N K. "I am rolling up my sleeves for the first time in fifteen years as my arms are entirely cleared up".

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The Lady Changes

[*Continued from page 25*]

psychologist, research chemist and ultra-optimist to discover much of the determined little girl of the Fifth Avenue parkway theatricals in the Hampton Players' ingenue. Or in the young actress who performed under the name of Claire Trevor in *Whistling In The Dark* and *The Party's Over* on the New York stage."

Claire really was a lackadaisical lady in those days, with a baby-blue eye open for a good marriage. When three studios tested her for pictures while she was in Los Angeles with *Whistling In The Dark* she remained unexcited, with not the slightest inclination to start improving herself and preparing for her big chance.

When later, she was presented with a five year contract, with six month options, by Fox, she calmly informed her mother that they were going out to Hollywood for six months' rest.

"I know a dozen girls that got contracts like that," she explained, "and they just hung around waiting to go into a picture until the first six months was up, and then they were kissed goodbye. So you and I will just go out and have a nice rest on that first six months' salary."

WITH that in mind our heroine boarded the train for her Hollywood vacation.

"And then," explains Claire, "I discovered the movies could be coy, too. Probably that is why they are so fascinating; because you never know what to expect.

"I arrived in Los Angeles one Thursday evening, and was met by a couple of men from the studio. They handed me a script and told me to be at the studio at ten the next morning.

"The instant I reported there I was put into make-up and taken before the camera to make tests with George O'Brien. Following that I made publicity stills for an hour or so. Then I had my hair worked over and experimented on for the rest of the day.

"Early Saturday morning I was taken over to Fox Hills, where my teeth were examined and I was paraded before a battery of fault finders who looked for defects. Then followed more stills and more tests until eleven that night.

"They told me I had Sunday off. But at four Monday morning they called me and told me to be ready for a car to take me to location. I was only half awake when they bundled me into a studio bus and started a wild drive for Victorville, about a hundred and twenty-five miles out in the desert.

"Arriving in the desert, I discovered I was going to ride a cow-pony, and I'd never been on a horse before in my life. I rode around in the desert all day, rehearsing again and again and again.

"That night I was so stiff and tired I could hardly move. I was up at four-thirty next morning to enjoy the desert sunrise. In my sequence for that day my suit case was supposed to fall open and all my underwear blow up in the Joshua trees.

"The only way they could accomplish this realistically was to use enormous wind machines to create a sand-storm. And they certainly succeeded. They blew sand on me in hurricanes, and blew my clothes all over the desert. But it was difficult to make them land just right, so I had to go through it exactly seventeen times before the director and camerman were satisfied.

"That picture was called *Life In The Raw,* and it certainly was. And so was my face—absolutely in the raw after having sand blown against it all day. Before I got all the sand out of my hair and eyes, we were working on another George O'Brien picture called *The Lost Trail,* and I was certainly wishing I had lost the trail to Hollywood before I ever left New York.

"They told me I wouldn't have to get up so early in this one. They were right—I didn't get up till six-thirty. The assistant director had forgotten to mention, however, that we were working straight through till four-thirty the next morning.

"And I had come out to draw my salary and take a nice six months' vacation. Maybe some day I'll tell my grandchildren how I



Leslie Howard and Edna May Oliver are caught by our candid cameraman as they sit chatting between scenes on the *Romeo* and Juliet set at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Howard plays Romeo and Miss Oliver has the important role of Juliet's nurse

rushed out to get into pictures and worked day and night to make good, gladly suffering physical torture and what not, that I might make a name for myself. But," and here Claire grinned like a self-conscious school-girl, "the truth is I was pushed into it. Simon Legree was the proprietor of a rest cure compared to the average assistant director I've met.

"I was next pushed into *'The Mad Game'*, a mighty fortunate picture for me. Only I grew to like the careless, easy way in which Spencer Tracy worked and before I knew it I was imitating his casual manner. In fact, anything casual always did appeal to me. Several other fortunate pictures for me followed rapidly. My vacation had developed into a marathon between sound stage, make-up department, dressing room, location, still department, and, praise the Lord, bed.

"Mother was all sympathy for her worn out, nerve-frazzled little darling, but I know she was chuckling to herself all the time. I was always so fond of taking things easy, and I had spoken so glibly of the vacation we were going to have at the studio's expense, that I'm sure she felt Hollywood was giving my soul a much-needed going over."

IF ever there was a more completely frank individual than Claire Trevor, he, or she, never reached Hollywood. Most un-starlike, she admits freely that she did not struggle to fame by ceaseless effort, sacrifice and a tireless battle against adversity.

But fate seemed determined to keep this young lady at work. It pursued her even to Honolulu where she went on her first vacation. Hardly had she stretched out in an easy chair under Hawaiian palms before director Alan Dwan from the studio showed up with a cameraman. They were taking background shots for *Navy Wife*. And with them came a studio official who wanted to have a heart to heart talk with the blonde contract player.

"We've decided to put you in *Navy Wife,*" he announced, "but first I'd like to have a talk with you. We're planning to star you, but you'll have to change a lot before that.

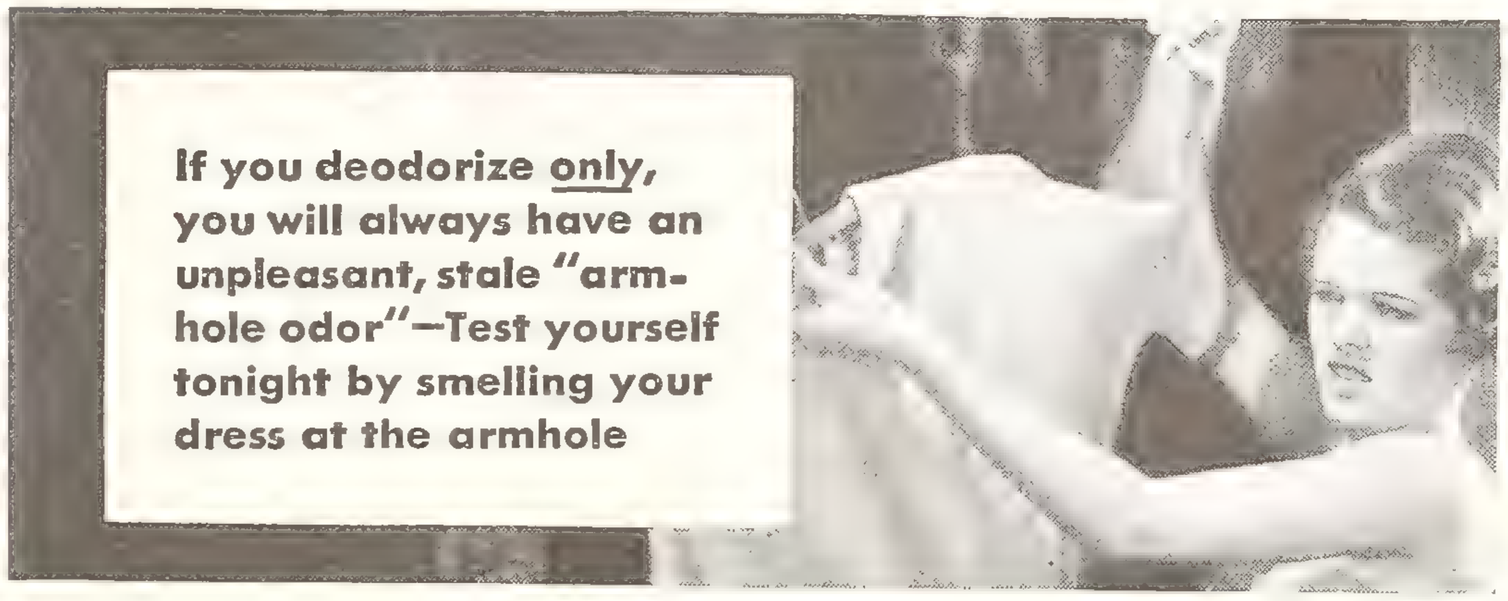
"You are too careless; you are inclined to be lazy; you are slipshod in your work. If you expect to go ahead you will have to mend your ways. You will have to improve your diction—it's sloppy. You'll have to take the slouch out of your walk and acquire some poise. You'll have to read good books, not with the idea of entertainment, but because they are good for you. You'll have to be more discriminating in your dress—and I'll expect you to cultivate charm. Your mannerisms are bad, and you aren't graceful."

"Aside from those few faults, and twenty or thirty other things," explained Claire, "I seemed to be absolutely O.K."

She followed the advice that the studio executive had given her in Honolulu. At first she didn't think it was worth the effort—even stardom. Then the old picture of her mother's thwarted ambition and unhappiness flashed into her mind and the aggressive little girl of Fifth Avenue parkway moved back into the body of Claire Trevor.

So complete and violent was her about-face that, within a month of her return to Hollywood, everyone at Fox studios was wondering what had gotten into the easy-going Claire. The prominent chin of hers, which had played so little part in her life during the last few years, had suddenly resumed its childhood angle, and from that moment on she began her relentless drive for stardom, which, we understand, is just around the corner.

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The Show Window

[*Continued from page* 19]

sters"—this picture reaps a rich harvest of laughs and will be welcome summer fare. Guy Kibbee, who seems to improve with every performance, dominates every scene in which he appears and plays his rôle with rich understanding and humor. Warren Hull, Alma Lloyd and Marie Wilson have outstanding parts. *Warner Brothers.*

LET'S SING AGAIN—A simple, sentimental little picture which rises above the average film offering because it has the priceless ingredient of sincerity. The story dwells upon the friendship between a musically talented youngster and a broken-down opera star. And Bobby Breen, hailed as one of the year's greatest discoveries, is really sensational. Not yet the most finished of actors, his singing is superb. Henry Armetta, as the ex-opera star, and George Huston, as the boy's father, are excellent. *Principal Pictures.*

DON'T GAMBLE WITH LOVE—Co-starring Ann Sothern and Bruce Cabot, this dramatic story of a marriage which is wrecked by the husband's passion for gambling, is very satisfactory fare. Without being intended or presented as a preachment, the picture is a damning indictment of professional gambling and its plot, always believable, builds to a smashing climax. Credit Ann Sothern with an unusually fine interpretation of a difficult rôle. *Columbia.*

AND SO THEY WERE MARRIED—Sparkling, breezy comedy, so ably directed, enacted and produced that it will appeal strongly to every audience. The plot hinges on the love between two disillusioned victims of divorce, and the efforts of their respective children to spoil their romance.

The situations are brilliantly conceived, the laugh lines are uproarous, and the acting of Melvyn Douglas, Mary Astor and the two kid starlets, Edith Fellows and Jackie Moran, leaves nothing to be desired. *Columbia.*

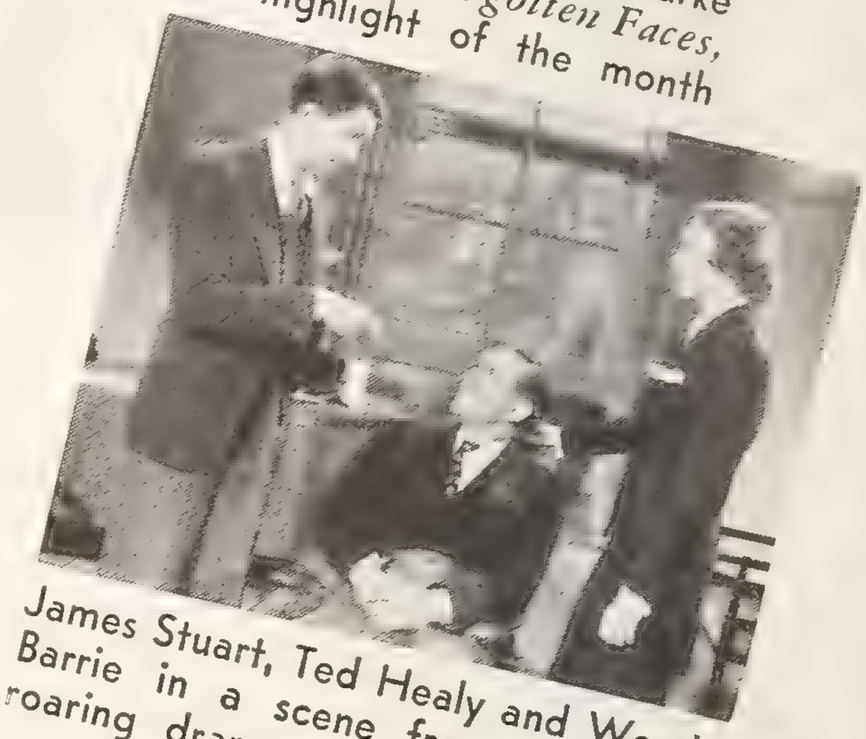
THE LAW IN HER HANDS—A novel plot, in which a too-smart woman lawyer aligns herself with a gang of crooks and tries to circumvent the law, features this unusual offering, which without being outstanding, will, nevertheless, prove satisfactory fare to most audiences. Margaret Lindsey is very convincing as the lawless Portia, and Warren Hull, as the district attorney, is thoroughly able. Lyle Talbot is a standout as the czar of gangland. *Warner Brothers.*

THE COUNTRY BEYOND—A drama of the great open spaces, based on one of James Oliver Curwood's most popular novels, and screened with taste, judgment and artistry. Rochelle Hudson, Paul Kelly and Robert Kent head the cast and display real craftsmanship in rôles which require finesse. The scenic backgrounds are magnificent—and ideally suited to vacation-time tastes. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

DRACULA'S DAUGHTER—Intelligently produced and fascinating in its sinister implications, this is undoubtedly the best of the many horror specials which have been produced under the Universal banner since the first Frankenstein opus started the theatre turnstiles clicking. Not as gruesome as some of its predecessors, it succeeds in creating an atmosphere or credibility which makes it even more chilling. The situations build logically until the vampire legend is



Herbert Marshall and James Burke have leading rôles in *Forgotten Faces*, a dramatic highlight of the month



James Stuart, Ted Healy and Wendy Barrie in a scene from *Speed*, a roaring drama of the racing track



Rosalind Russell and Ronald Colman in the Foreign Legion thriller, *Under Two Flags*



Joe E. Brown and Joan Blondell head the cast of *Sons o' Guns*, one of Joe's best laugh-fests

thoroughly established and then sweep on to a smashing climax that will thrill any audience, no matter how blase. Otto Kruger, as the heroic psychiatrist, gives an amazingly fine performance and Gloria Holden, as the vampire, is startlingly impressive. She will hold every theatregoer spellbound with each of her scenes. Marguerite Churchill, Irving Pichel, Hedda Hopper, Nan Gray and Edward Van Sloan are excellent in strong supporting roles. *Universal.*

HALF ANGEL—An unusually satisfactory murder mystery with Frances Dee and Brian Donlevy featured. The story holds interest from the opening scene which shows Frances Dee acquitted of murder charge to the climax which brings the arrest and conviction of the real criminal. Charles Butterworth, Etienne Giarardot, Henry Stephenson, Sara Haden and Helen Westley contribute fine performances. *20th Century Fox.*

FAIR

FLORIDA SPECIAL—A train racing across country, a millionaire diamond collector, a gang of jewel thieves and a clever, wise-cracking newspaper reporter who solves the mystery in the nick of time—and there you have all the elements which should have made this picture top-notch entertainment—and didn't. The plot develops too slowly and suspense is conspicuous by its absence. Jack Oakie, as the newshound, provides a goodly share of comedy and Sally Eilers makes the most of a rather weak rôle. *Paramount.*

THE HARVESTER—Although based on the famous Gene Stratton-Porter novel, this film lacks interest. Alice Brady and Russell Hardie highlight the cast and contribute really excellent performances, but all in all, *The Harvester* can be recommended for only the most ardent Gene Stratton-Porter devotees. *Republic.*

PANIC ON THE AIR—Another "who-dunit" with Lew Ayres in the rôle of a radio sports commentator who makes a specialty of using his program to unravel murder enigmas. Blessed with a really novel plot, this film will please mystery fans. Lew Ayres and Florence Rice, the gal in the case, handle their parts with considerable finesse. *Columbia.*

DEVIL'S SQUADRON—An aviation thriller staring Richard Dix. Crammed with action and suspense—if you can still be excited by stock airplane stunts—it lacks only a stronger and more believable story to be excellent entertainment. Dix and Karen Morely give fine performances. *Columbia.*

BORN TO FIGHT—A very entertaining picturization of Peter B. Kyne's story of the prize ring, with Kane Richmond, Frankie Darro and Frances Grant in the leading rôles. The fight scenes are unusually well-handled and the romance will please. *Conn Pictures.*

BORDER FLIGHT—Again romance takes to the air, this time in a melodramatic tale of the Border Patrol, which offers little that is new in the way of plot. The air stunts are deftly carried out and John Howard and Frances Farmer, in the leading rôles, are satisfactory. *Paramount.*

THE MINE WITH THE IRON DOOR—Lean entertainment, despite good per-

[*Continued on page* 74]



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Errol Flynn, keeping in trim for his role in the new Warner Brothers spectacle, *Charge of the Light Brigade,* in which he plays an English officer, spends hours in the saddle, practising the art of tent-pegging—driving a spear through a stake set in the ground—a difficult feat at full gallop

Hollywood Highlights

[*Continued from page 21*]

who really found Will Rogers and so many of the others for "Ziggy." He's one of the unsung heroes of the theatre and the musical world. At the opening, I sat beside Mary Garden. She'll be such good copy in Hollywood . . . a great show-woman. I understand she stages her interviews with the proper settings . . . soft lights, etc. I remember meeting her years ago in Fort Lee, New Jersey. She was playing *Thais* for Sam Goldwyn. Her art director at that time was our favorite mural painter, Hugo Ballin. He did the murals for the Jewish Synagogue here, and for part of the Public Library, and the County Hospital.

Tillie Losch, the continental dancer, who has come out to do the *Garden of Allah,* attended the premiere with Oliver Messell, who did the costumes for *Romeo and Juliet.* He rushed up to Adrian and congratulated him on his lovely creations. Rosalind Russell sitting near me, looked like she had borrowed some of the decorations from the picture, for right on top of her head, balanced as nicely as a queen's crown, were a bunch of soap-bubbles.

Turn About

One of our greatest showmen here (oh, I might just as well tell you it was Darryl Zanuck), hearing that a pal who had helped him when he first started into pictures, wasn't doing so hot, sent for him, gave him a contract, and the man is about to turn out one of the best pictures of the year. The wheels of Hollywood fortune go 'round and 'round—and sometimes bread cast on the waters comes back toasted.

Two To the Ex's

A funny thing about Ruth Chatterton's secretaries. She had two charming, intelligent girls working for her. One of them went to work for Ralph Forbes, and the other one is now secretary to George Brent. Would you say that was keeping it in the family? And while I'm on the subject, Ruth is the joy and delight of our highest-priced decorator. I understand her house is again being done over—for the third time, if I count aright.

A Glorified Car

Down in South Carolina, live Mamie and Jerry, Marie Dressler's maid and butler who, since Marie's death, have bought themselves a beautiful Colonial mansion. They inherited Marie's big Lincoln limousine, which they promptly sold to the leading undertaker, who converted it into a hearse. And now, for a hundred dollars extra, the colored folks can ride to their graves in a car that's been glorified in the movies.

The Easter Parade

Went to a couple of grand Easter parties. Adrian started it off with breakfast. There, rambling among his guests, rabbits, monkeys, chickens, turkeys and dogs, was Mrs. Vincent Astor. So many actresses have tried to play a lady on the screen (I even got a job once on that account . . . Lady Thelma Converse Furness wanted the part, and they looked her over and said, "Well, you may be a lady, but Hedda Hopper looks like one.") but Mrs. Astor

wouldn't have to play the part. She lives it. Why we Americans make such a fuss over titles when we have bred so many aristocrats will forever remain a mystery to me.

A La Russe

Among the guests was Lynn Riggs, whose play, *The Purple Mantle* is a great success in New York . . . but you'd never know it, judging by his modesty.

I went on from Adrian's to a Russian Easter party, which is always the highlight of the whole year. They're such marvelous people! No inhibitions, no fear of over-emphasis, no fear of inviting the wrong people . . . just talented children of nature who enjoy the gifts God gives them . . . good food, wine, music, laughter, dancing. It was amusing to see how James Hilton, who wrote, *Goodbye, Mr. Chips,* expanded in the warmth of their hospitality. He was like a child, clapping his hands at the thought of Santa Claus.

Mae's Monument

While watching a newsreel the other night, there flashed a scene of the prison walls being torn down on Welfare Island. A perfectly strange woman, sitting beside me, said, "Oh, I wish they hadn't done that." Her companion asked, "Why not?" And she answered, "Well, that was the former home of Mae West, and they should keep it as a monument to honest lust."

A Real Charity

I learned only today about the recent activities of Mrs. Leslie Howard. We have a charitable organization here called The Assistance League. It's run by social and screen people to take care of the needs of children whose mothers have to work. There's a tea-room connected with it, and for years it's been cramped, stuffy and hot. A few months ago, Ruth Howard was taken there to luncheon and was charmed by the atmosphere of the place and the people who worked so hard in its behalf. So she went to Mrs. Hancock Banning, who is the heart and soul of this charity and asked to be allowed to enlarge and ventilate and renovate the whole place, which she's done at her own expense. She has been there every day to supervise the work and has loved every second of time she's given to it. They take care of nearly one hundred children a day . . . Chinese, Japanese, Americans. A few years ago, Elizabeth Arden heard about it. She was taken through the day nursery and ever since has taken care of two little girls who were crippled from infantile paralysis, and I'm told it won't be long before the children will be well.

Economy Reigns

You know, the neighborly things about Hollywood are so seldom told. I think the reason may be that you're not interested in them. Tell me truly, wouldn't you much rather hear some choice bit of scandal than to hear how Jean Harlow borrowed a pint of cream over the back fence? But this I know to be true. There are three very prominent women here, each with a lovely evening cape. One's sable, one's silver-fox, and one's ermine. And they plan their costumes so they can borrow from each other. Not even their most intimate friends have caught on to their racket, but each one of the ladies in question has given the price of a fur coat to charity.

The Parker Mystery

When Jean Parker and George MacDonald went off to Arizona to be married,

[*Continued on page* 65]



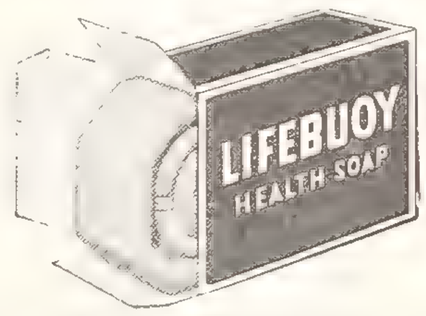
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White Orchid

[*Continued from page* 34]

and not quite so girlish in spite of her poise, there would be grave danger of her being classed as an intellectual. As it is, if she were to leave the screen tomorrow, there is little doubt but that she could easily find vocational adjustment in not one but a number of fields. And behind that remarkable fact, there is another story that helps to explain the Anita Louise of today.

IT is the story of a woman who faced the world one day, widowed, with a baby to take care of; and the realization that, while she had a variety of talents, there was no one career for which she was capably equipped. That woman made a resolution that day. She determined that her object in life would be to equip her baby girl to earn the good things of life by her own efforts. She resolved that that baby girl should never be unfit to face life and cope with it "on her own."

That woman was Anita Louise's mother, Mrs. Fremault. And from the moment that resolution was made, Anita's program has been mapped out for her. The study of dancing, French, drama, art, and music was made a part of Anita's routine as soon as she was old enough to have one. Mrs. Fremault recognized that the picture industry, then in its infancy, would be the field of opportunity that it has since turned out to be, and she brought Anita to Hollywood. At the age of five, Anita was playing parts in pictures. And, far from feeling that she was deprived of childish pleasures, she says now that early experience laid the foundation for the most essential requisite of success . . . love of her work.

When she is not working on a picture, Anita is frequently seen dancing in the gay night spots of Hollywood with any one of the several young men who have made obvious their devotion to her. In the past, her name has frequently been linked with that of Tom Brown, and for a time, their interest in each other was so obvious that their engagement was rumoured daily. Since that time, her engagement to a few other men has been rumoured . . . and, in each instance, denied by Anita.

"When I decide to marry," Anita announces firmly, "I'll break the news at an announcement party. And until I *do* break the news in such a manner, any rumour of my engagement that you may hear isn't true!"

Coming from Anita Louise, that statement can be accepted at face value. The home life of Anita and her mother has always been conspicuous in Hollywood for its dignity and ceremony. Behind that fact, too, can be seen the judicious hand of Anita's mother. Realizing that acting, of necessity, entails a certain irregularity of routine that might easily lead to a careless way of living, she determined early in Anita's career that a well-ordered home life should always be hers, and that nothing should be allowed to take from her daughter the stability that is afforded only by the background of a real home. There has never been a hodge-podge hotel-rooming, restaurant-dining, existence for Anita. Even when she and her mother go to New York for a few days, they take an apartment, so that for the duration of their stay, they may have a place that is home. Birthdays are events, and Anita Louise's Christmas parties are Hollywood tradition. No cocktail affairs at Anita's at Christmas time! For years, she and her mother and a few chosen friends have celebrated that holiday at quiet candle-lit dinners on Christmas Eve, with the guests singing Christmas carols to the accompaniment of Anita's harp. Hardly the popular conception of a Hollywood actress's Christmas party, is it?

The effect of this background is manifest in Anita Louise's bearing. She has the poised serenity of the established woman, which, coupled with her girlish manners, makes a combination as charming as it is unusual.

She's a cultured, well rounded-out young girl, is Anita Louise. Some day life is going to add a bit to her meagre repertoire of experiences, and then it will be interesting to see what happens to Anita Louise, *the actress*.



Maxine Jennings, Radio Pictures starlet, who will next be seen in *M'liss*, visits Ken Maynard's Wild West Show, now on tour



The candid camera catches Marla Shelton and Diana Gibson, as they arrive at Universal for their day's work before the cameras in *The Phantom Rider,* which will star Buck Jones

Hollywood Highlights

[*Continued from page* 63]

no one had the slightest inkling of it . . . not even Jean's guardian, who understood Jean was going to Santa Barbara to spend the week-end with friends.

A Loveable Genius

You've all seen the picture, *These Three,* and longed to choke the brat, played by Bonita Granville. But there is one of the sweetest children I've ever met. And it was she, herself, who suggested putting in the slap from the old housekeeper, at the end of the picture. They saw the preview and realized that the finish needed some sort of kick. Retakes were arranged for, and they tried slapping that portion of her anatomy which is in seclusion when she is seated, but even that seemed too tame. And I understand that Bonita said, "Go on . . . let fly! Give me a good one, right on the face!" So a little child led them into a glorious dramatic climax.

Au Revoir

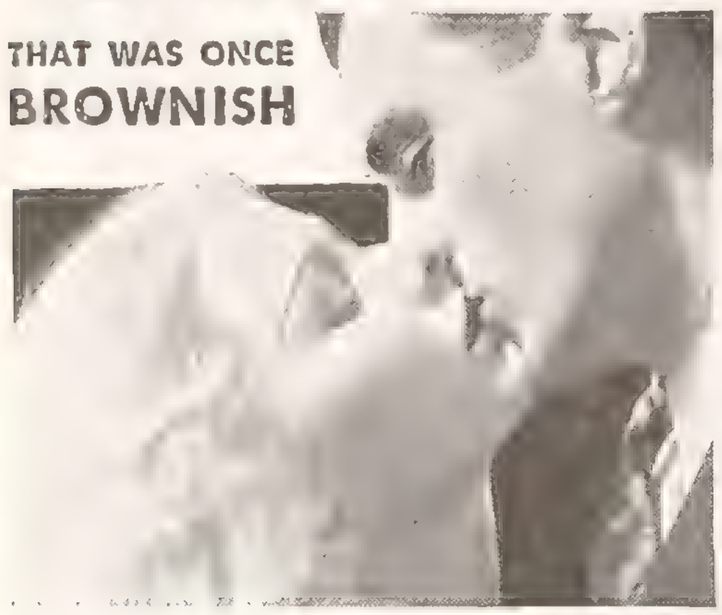
By the time you read this, in case you're interested, I'll be on my way to England on the "Queen Mary" with a grand person, Frances Marion. She has a contract to write for Alexander Korda, and I'm to do one picture with him. Frances has just finished a new novel which I think is a knockout. Its central character is very like Marie Dressler, and no one in the world knows more about Marie than Frances. If you'll remember that it was she who brought Marie back to fame after practically seven years of starvation . . .

So, next month, I'll give you a report on the growing "American colony" in London.

HEDDA HOPPER.



SHE WON HIM WITH
Golden Hair
THAT WAS ONCE BROWNISH



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How Hollywood Manufactures A Star

[*Continued from page 47*]

Harlow glamour. He studied Mary's personality and set about accenting it by clothes. The wardrobe she brought from Ottawa was discarded. Adrian, informed by the "front office" that she was to be cast in "sexy" roles, designed for her new dresses, new lingerie, new coats, new negliges. And, as though by magic, the alluring quality which the studio's analysts had glimpsed in Mary's tests was greatly intensified. It is a matter of sober record that, when she appeared for luncheon at the Vendome in her new splendor, three very eligible male stars who had never even noticed her before immediately tried to date her and got their names—and hers—in all the gossip columns, which, of course, delighted everyone concerned.

THE studio hairdressers, who had been experimenting with her coiffure for weeks, finally created a style which exactly suited the personality with which the studio had determined to endow her. You've seen that coiffure imitated by thousands of girls since Mary's rise to stardom. They call it the "Mary Doe Bob." But bosh! The only thing Mary supplied was her own rather straggly hair—which, incidentally, was a medium brown when she arrived in Hollywood but which immediately became a rich auburn when the studio experts discovered that auburn accented her allure and made her photograph more strikingly.

Remember Mary when she lived in Kent, Ohio? She was inclined to be a bit plump then and she's the very quintessence of slimness now. But, oh, the long, brutal hours of agony that Mary suffered in order to gain her present contours. Every morning she was mercilessly mauled by Ingrid, the famous Swedish masseuse. Every day, she exercised under the guidance of Mike Bantwell, the famous conditioner. Every day, she took a strenuous dancing lesson. As a matter of fact, she hadn't been at all unattractive with that extra poundage she wore in Tallahassee—but the camera, lacking the third dimension of depth, adds approximately twenty pounds to the averdupois of a player, so Mary had to reduce.

And, even so, why should Mary complain? Didn't even the great diva, Grace Moore, have to stand diet and exercise, and exercise and diet, when she first came to the screen? And didn't Clara Bow, long after she was a top-flight star, suffer agonies at Ingrid's cruel hands?

Remember Mary's voice, when she went to school with you in Walla Walla? It was pleasant enough, but rather thin and squeally. Just listen to the husky, emotional, throbbing timbre of it now. It's the product of test after test, of vocal exercise after vocal exercise, and of lesson after lesson from the best voice teacher in Hollywood. No one in the studio had ever heard of a sexy siren with a reedy voice, so they paid the teacher's bills and charged them off to manufacturing costs.

Perhaps you've smiled a little while reading the dramatic accounts of Mary's girlhood in San Diego. She lived next door to you and you knew her pretty well.

Mary can thank the publicity department for the "color in her life." And a clever job they did of it, too. Never once did they concoct a falsehood. They merely shaded and glorified and dramatized the facts. Their campaign was the result of many a conference. The "San Diego Bonfire"—that was the catch phrase that was finally coined to dominate and guide all of her publicity. Look what that trade name, "The Platinum Blonde," did for Harlow.

BUT of all who had a hand in manufacturing Mary Doe, screen star, none played a more important role than Oliver Hinsdale, Metro's famous dramatic coach. Mary was enrolled in his school as soon as her tests were pronounced satisfactory, and there, with ten other embryo screen luminaries, she studied stage and screen craft. At least once a month, she played a role in a Hinsdale-directed stage play, presented in the studio with the producers and directors for audience. She learned what to do with her hands, how to be poised and on balance, how to modulate her voice to express emotion—in short, Mary was given large doses of Thespian technique by a master teacher.

It was eight months before she received her first picture assignment. And then, M-G-M's casting chief succeeded in loaning her to a small, independent studio. If she had fallen down on the job, it would have made little difference, for the picture never was intended for the first run theatres which display M-G-M's super-epics.

After completing that role—with credit—she was loaned again and again to the lesser studios, first for one type of role, then for another. Metro wants its players to gather a rich background of experience before being entrusted with important roles in its own pictures. Didn't exactly the same policy, carried out with Robert Taylor and many others, pay dividends?

And Mary came through with flying colors. The rest of her story is too well known to need re-telling here. When she was ready, she played the lead opposite Gable and overnight became a star.

If there is disillusionment in the fact that her career was shaped by a manufacturing process, just remember this:

Mary needed strength of character to see the process through. She stuck—stuck in the face of ruthless treatment and tedious waiting. She may be something less than a Goddess but she's a very grand person. And never overlook the fact that she had to have natural charm, intelligence and abilyity or the most persistent manufacturing method would have been wasted.



Rod La Rocque and Herbert Marshall, close personal friends, pause for a chat between scenes of *Daddy and I,* Marshall's current production

Party Line in Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 15]

Marie Prevost, who has been struggling along for several years with unimportant bits, has landed a long term contract with Warner Brothers and will again have her name in lights. And behind that news flash is a nice little human interest story. Marie, discouraged by a long series of bad breaks, had allowed herself to become much, much too plump. Suddenly she fell in love (he's a non-professional), went on a strict diet, regained a trim, slender figure, and presto—along came Warners!

Like a feesh

Erik Rhodes has been so identified with dialect comedy in the Rogers-Astaire pictures that you'll probably be surprised to learn that he's the best all-around athlete in Hollywood. He's an acrobatic wonder, a near-champion tennis player, a badminton whiz, an expert fencer, a handball shark and an aquatic marvel. In fact, you name it, and he's it! His latest stunt is a record swim across the great Salton Sea in Imperial Valley, a twelve mile endurance test through water so muggy with salt and other solids that few swimmers have ever dared attempt it.

Casting News

And, now, for some news from the studio casting offices, collected via the Party Line:

Preston Foster, risen to screen glory by virtue of his work in *Love Before Breakfast,* will star in Bret Harte's *The Outcasts of Poker Flats* . . . . . Virginia Wiedler, one of the cleverest kids in pictures, becomes a full-fledged Paramount star with *Girl of the Ozarks* . . . . . Loretta Young and Kent Taylor will have the leading rôles of Ramona and Alessendro in Helen Hunt Jackson's immortal story of early California . . . . . Clark Gable and Marian Davies will be co-starred by Warner Brothers in *Cain and Mabel* . . . . . Merle Oberon is the leading contender for the stellar rôle in the proposed color spectacle, *The Smile of Mona Lisa,* to be produced by Pioneer Pictures . . . . . Gene Raymond and Ann Sothern will co-star in RKO's *The Million Dollar Profile,* and it takes a man of courage to accept the risk of living up to *that* title . . . . . Grace Moore's next for Columbia will be a story by Rupert Hughes entitled *The Nightingale Flits Home.*

Tremble, Knaves!

And now everyone's wondering what Garbo will say when she discovers that her old dressing room has been torn down and that she must occupy quarters in a new building. That ancient dressing room has been her treasure—probably because it had a concealed outside stairway which permitted her to enter and exit without being observed by the hoi-polloi. But, just between us, Garbo's on the skids anyway.

The End Nears

If there are any lingering doubts about the imminent marriage of Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, banish them! Joan is completely re-decorating the Powell mansion, replacing the rugs, having the chairs reupholstered, supervising the building of a new wing and even re-vamping the playroom. When a man let's a gal do that, his affections are beyond recall.



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PERMAPOINT
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The Stander-Outer

[*Continued from page* 31]

parent, however, could cope with the imagination that was Lionel's. Told not to do something, he could—with originality that should have forewarned everyone that here was a genius—find something infinitely worse to do. Nothing malicious, you understand; just boisterous. Tormentingly boisterous.

His parents never had him psychoanalyzed. They had no inkling, no presentiment, that here was a comedian in the budding.

In school, he never had to study. He knew his lessons after one reading. (He learns his screen lines in the same way today.) But instead of being the delight of his teachers, he was their despair. He used his spare time to sow the seeds of mirth among his classmates, to distract attention from the guardians of the young idea. (Just a scene-stealer in embryo.)

Teachers, in mirthless lack of appreciation of his early talents, ushered him unceremoniously (usually by a large and inviting ear) toward the principal's office. Day after day, the principal would look upon his pugnaciously cherubic face, until he wished never to look upon him more—and arranged his transfer to some other school.

FINALLY, all of the public schools within commuting distance of the Stander residence had been exhausted in their patience, their efforts to induce him to be less ingenious in his hellishness. Papa Stander, perhaps shaking his head a bit, reached into his purse—and sent Lionel to military academies, prep schools, and, finally, colleges. Yes, despite the stubbornness of his teachers, Lionel eventually arrived in college. First, he tried New York University—or, if you prefer, N. Y. U. tried Lionel; then came Duke University; finally, the University of North Carolina (which he left at nineteen). To one of them, he went on a scholarship. A football scholarship.

"I played guard," he says, with a painful expression at recollection of a painful experience. "I was one of those roving guards that step into the backfield and handle the ball . . . I hated it."

When he was 14, he decided to live his own life, far from the interference of teachers who had no sense of humor. Without advising his parents of his decision, he set out to get a job in Manhattan—so near, and yet so far from, the upper Bronx. He became an office boy for a shade manufacturer and lasted until he lost $147,000 worth of negotiable securities while riding a streetcar in order to use for other, more interesting purposes, the taxi money that had been given to him. The bonds were found three days later, but the job was lost permanently. Temporarily deciding that teachers were preferable to employers, he temporarily returned to school . . .

At various times in his life, and for consistently brief intervals, Lionel has been a factory worker, a ditch-digger, a waiter, a life-guard, a promoter, a bank clerk, a cab-driver, a newspaper reporter, a writer of hair-raising pulp fiction. And other things that he can't (or won't) remember.

How did he happen to become an actor—?

He looks uncomfortable, but grins. "I'm beginning to get sick of hearing myself tell it . . . *You* tell him," he suggests to the Columbia representative sharing the avocado salad at the luncheon in his Hollywood hillside home.

IT SEEMS that, soon after leaving college, he was out of a job when an actor-friend told him that there was a spot for an "extra" in a crap-shooting scene in a play then in rehearsal. An "expert" crap-shooter was wanted. Having been to college, Lionel felt that he could qualify. He tried out for the "bit" with such gusto that he stole the scene. He was hired. And when the show opened, he was playing *six* minor parts . . .

This was in the Provincetown Playhouse in Greenwich Village, in the days when that experimental theatre was discovering Eugene O'Neill and giving that playwright his start by producing his one-act plays. One of Lionel's first rôles was that of *Yank* in *S. S. Glencairn.* And then what did he appear in—?

"Twenty-eight flops in a row," he says, with a smile—and with the accent on "flops." Then he adds, "And I was a dramatic actor in every one of them. Not a comedian."

Could that, possibly, explain the floppishnes of the shows?

He shrugs, non-committally—but confesses that he has no particular yen to go dramatic on the screen. Comedy pays too well. And it's more fun. "As long as I'm not a star," he adds, pointedly.

In *The Milky Way,* he was Harold Lloyd's disgusted trainer—and garnered some of the biggest laughs of the picture. In *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town,* he is the insistent, but constantly frustrated guardian of "pixilated" Gary Cooper—and his reactions to Gary's action give the Capra picture half of its humor. But his biggest part to date is the rôle of assistant sleuth to Edward Arnold in the mystery-comedy, *Fer-de-Lance*—in which, for the first time, romance is mixed with his clowning. Several times he is on the verge of marrying the girl (Dennie Moore, promising newcomer, who once played with Lionel in the New York Theatre Guild)—when Arnold gets another clue, and the sleuth in Stander supersedes the suitor again. He thinks moviegoers will relish the character. They will.

He is never more realistic on the screen than when he is registering indignation. In person, he is too easygoing to be bothered by resenting anything. . . . On the screen, he gives devastating delineations of dull-wittedness; between scenes, he tells devastating jokes that require super-speed on the uptake. . . . But his screen voice is his off-screen voice.

Is there a story behind the acquisition of that voice?

"I've always had it," he claims. "And I didn't know there was anything unusual about it until Hollywood told me." He sounds as if he hasn't accepted Hollywood's opinion even yet.

His salary is now in the four-figure bracket (per week)—and his contract gives him the right to decide whether or not he will accept a rôle. He will play in nothing but A pictures; B and C pictures don't interest him—at any salary.

"If I can keep playing in good pictures, and fans get the idea of associating my name with good pictures—well, then my name ought to be worth something to producers. Even if I play minor rôles, it will mean more than if I *starred* in second-rate pictures."

There's something of the debit-and-credit expert in Lionel despite his rebellion against accounting. . . . "Though I don't know why I worry about my screen appearances," he

adds, ironically. "There's nothing so dead as last year's picture—or even last week's. Particularly when you walk down the street and see a big sign over a theatre, 'Bank Night Tonight' or 'Screeno'—and, underneath, in small type, the sign, *'Mr. Deeds Goes to Town.'*"

In his first Hollywood pictures, he was a dialect comedian, as on the radio with Allen, Cantor and Jolson. If you have a good memory for faces, not to mention voices, perhaps you recall him in *We're in the Money, Hooray for Love, Page Miss Glory* and *The Gay Deception.* In the last-named picture, he was one of a brace of allegedly comic thugs who seemed intent on some evil purpose. Most audiences never did puzzle out what the boys were plotting. "Neither did I," says Lionel.

His contract lapsed. And, about that time, came the release of *The Scoundrel*—made before he had left the East—in which he gave a memorable performance of a hoarse, haranguing Communist poet. Columbia made the discovery that he could "talk American" and signed him.

He waited for his first option to be picked up—and then bought a house. Though not more than a half-mile above Hollywood Boulevard, it once was a farmhouse. From the exterior, it still looks like an old house. Inside, it is super-modernistic. A huge living room, many-angled, occupies the center of the house—whose east side is one expanse of window, shaded with Venetian blinds. The living room upholstery is in mustard-yellow, above natural-colored wood. Off in one corner stands a grand piano. Lionel doesn't play; he keeps it for the use of friends who do. A wall of transparent glass separates the living room from the dining room. . . . Upstairs, his den occupies two levels, with a desk and wall-lining bookshelves on the upper level. Also upstairs is a luxurious and black-trimmed pool room. Pool is his favorite—and, he says, only—form of exercise.

He reads late into the night—and complains bitterly that reading is impossible on a movie set. "You're constantly interrupted, and you lay your book down to make a scene, and you can't find it when you come back. Somebody has put it in the prop box." His bookshelves bear, most prominently, provocative biographies, "heavy" novels, books on political economy. It amuses him that the Communists, allegedly radical, were the first to propose unemployment relief. He will talk politics by the hour, telling why he thinks a strong third party is coming.

He stands six-feet-one in his stocking feet—and wears no garters. (One manifestation of the collegian that still lingers.) One of his eyes is brown; the other, green; they photograph the same. He has a handsome stand-in and is constantly boosting him.

Though Lionel looks like a hearty eater, he eats little. His nerves won't let him relax to enjoy a meal. This "patchwork business" of making a movie gives him the jitters. He is convinced that he works hard.

He has a cook and a houseboy, but does his own chauffeuring—with all the careless finesse of an ex-taxicab driver. He doesn't enjoy driving in Hollywood, Los Angeles or vicinity. Not being psychic, he complains that he has no way of telling what the crazy drivers will do next.

He hopes to stay in Hollywood for a long time, even though he misses New York. He feels that he is infected with the incredible sunshine now.

"When you can go around in a mental fog—without caring," he explains, "you're acclimated. And I'm acclimated."

Don't you believe him!

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SMART, modern women no longer submit to the tragedy of "old skin" just because they are 30, 35, 40! A wonderful new creme, applied at night like cold cream, acts a scientific way to free the skin of that veil of semi-visible darkening particles which ordinary creams cannot remove after a certain age. So gentle and quick—often only 5 days is time enough to bring out a glorious rose petal softness and fineness and white, clear look of youth. And, the way it eliminates common surface blemishes—ugly pimples, blackheads, freckles—is a revelation! Ask for this creme—Golden Peacock Bleach Creme at all drug and department stores.

2 EXQUISITE PERFUMES FREE

Wouldn't you like to try Bernard's two most popular perfumes—White Lilac—a delicate, delicious perfume and Queen of the Orient—an exotic romantic thrilling perfume. Hundreds of thousands of women all over the country use Bernard's fine quality perfume, and if you haven't yet received one of these introductory packages—send for it today. Send only 10c—coin preferred, to cover packing and mailing costs, and you will receive a package containing both of these popular perfumes—delicious White Lilac and thrilling Queen of the Orient.

BERNARD-PERFUMER,
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Bathing for Beauty

[*Continued from page* 16]

ceptionally good for strengthening your eyes, too, after prolonged reading, jumbling with figures at the office all day, a day at the beach in the glaring sun or a ride in the boy friend's roadster. The attractive little dark blue bottle (pictured), with its simple white cap and white and blue label, contains a generous supply for only sixty cents. It is made by Scott Phillips, Incorporated, of Chicago, Illinois.

Now, you are ready to step into your tub. Let go . . . relax . . . and if you must think, think of beauty.

Do you know what is taking place? Your complexion is absorbing the nourishing oils of your cream. Your eyes are being soothed and strengthened, while closed, by the eye lotion. The water softener is also softening the dead epidermis on your body, and the scrubbing, before you get out, will remove that dead outer layer of skin.

You cannot help feeling that your nerves —those precious nerves which have been so abused, are getting more than a little soothing. They are relaxed and put in tune so the little fatigue lines disappear from your face.

NOW for the scrubbing . . . *and I mean scrubbing.* Friction is very important to stimulate circulation, remove the dead cuticle and leave your body alive with that joyous feeling of physical fitness. The Prophy-lac-tic Bath Brush is a sturdy and very attractive brush that will do all these grand things for you and make you want to sing by the time you step out on your bath mat (if you haven't already begun to while plying this brush over your much-exhilarated person). Notice the detachable handle, too (illustrated) which makes it very convenient for hand use. The price? Only $2.50!

Of course, you must use a good cleansing agent, too. Lux, favorite of the stars, gives off a delicious lather. Then I suggest that you jot down Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap on your next shopping list. This delightfully fragrant soap makes a swell lather that is rich and creamy. It leaves your whole body as soft and as smooth as velvet. The large cake that you see here used to sell for twenty-five cents . . . *but is now only ten cents!* Isn't that a bargain?

You may take your cool shower now if you have time and wish to. Do not be afraid to rub vigorously with your bath towel. It is too easy to under-estimate the value of a brisk rub-down after your bath. There is nothing worse than to leave damp areas, because these are what cause chapped and roughened skin. Rub, rub—and rub—briskly with a big, fleecy towel.

There is nothing in the world more refreshing than an application of good body tonic after your bath. Campana Dreskin will give you that cool, firm and healthy feeling that banishes all fatigue. It keeps your skin firm and healthy too. It is not excessively perfumed—so you'd better keep it under lock and key if you don't want the male members of your family to walk away with it! The lovely octagonal bottle (see photograph) makes an attractive accessory for your bathroom shelf and it's only $1.00.

Now you are ready for your finishing touches. The importance of a deodorant is one subject we cannot discuss often enough, as the smart girls know! No matter how careful you may be—if you fail to use a good deodorant—there is always that possibility of offending.

Fresh is made by the Pharma-craft Corporation of Louisville "For Immaculance and Comfort on All Occasions." This delicately scented cream dries instantly (leaving a powdery film that can be wiped away with cotton or tissues); keeps you fresh all day and does not irritate the most sensitive skin. In fact, it may be used immediately following a depilatory. It is a double-action cream that deodorizes and kills germs at the same time. It is also recommended for perspiring feet and Athlete's Foot. The full size pale grey tube, with a striking cerise and black color scheme, is only fifty cents.

Next, remove the excess cream from your face with your soft cleansing tissue and apply your make-up artistically. Remember that you will be under electric lights in the evening and you require a make-up that will not fade.

Arrange your hair in a becoming but practical coiffure—one that will not "topple" before the evening is over.

Don't forget your hand lotion—all the way up to your elbows. And, of course, a drop or two of your favorite perfume at the lobe of each ear or at the tip of each nostril is in order.

This completes your renovating treatment and you should *look* and *feel* like a new person. Imagine . . . in about twenty minutes you are fresh, lovely and prepared to enjoy a glorious evening.



Wind and sky and desert sage combine with the beauty of Marsha Hunt, heroine of Paramount's *The Arizona Riders,* to give this photograph unusual charm.

Hollywood Bids You Welcome!

THE reservation list for this summer's MOVIELAND TOURS, sponsored by Movie Classic Magazine, is rapidly being completed. Only a few days remain in which you can enter your application. So, if you are desirous of the grandest vacation of your lives, fill in the coupon at the bottom of this page, and . . . . .

All aboard for Hollywood and points West!

The first big special train will leave Chicago July 19; the second excursion leaves from the same city August 9th. Across the Great Northwest, the de luxe trains will speed to Seattle, then, with stop-overs in San Francisco, on to Hollywood and a glorious round of exciting fun in the Movie Capital.

Special parties in the homes of famous stars have been planned . . . . . arrangements have been completed for visits to all of the larger studios. You will see pictures in the making . . . . . you will visit the show places of the California Coast!

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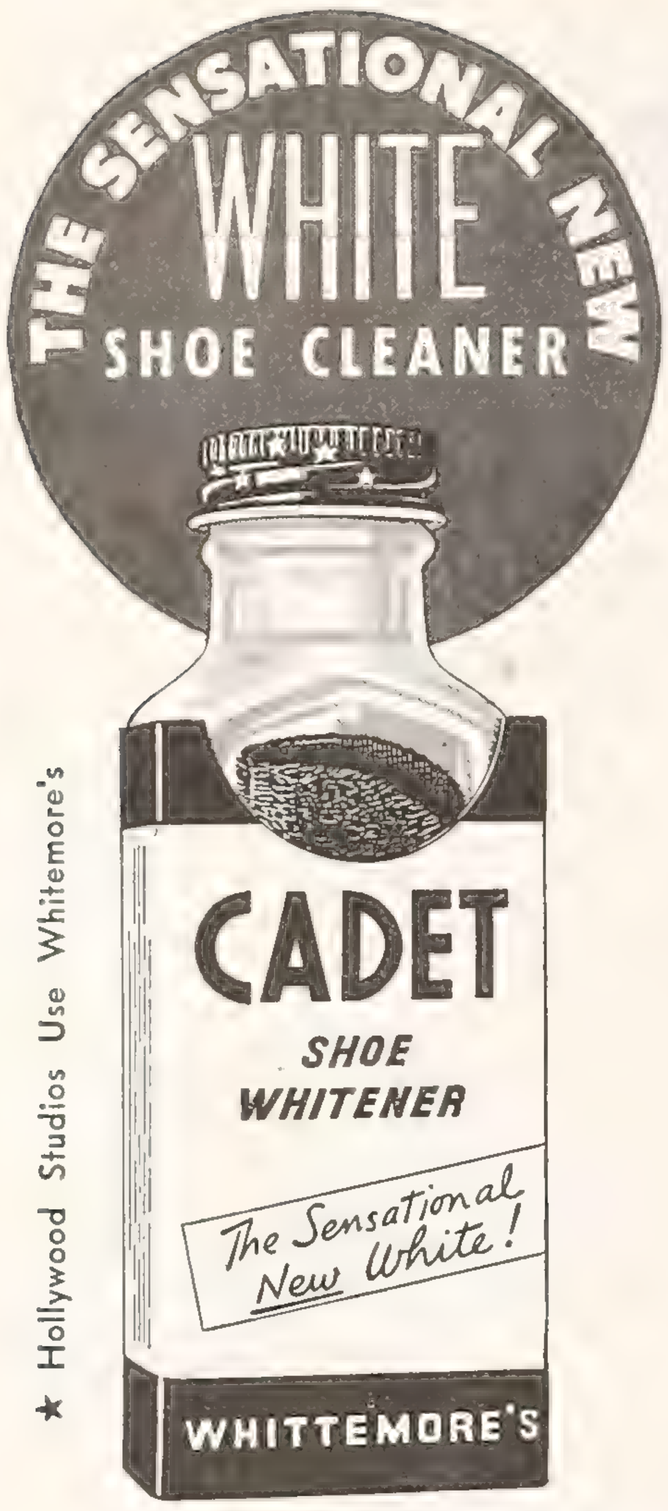
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To relieve soreness—hasten healing—help prevent infection—apply at once, mild, reliable

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Josephine Was Kissed

[*Continued from page* 30]

was really very, very nice, even though he did have something to do with moving pictures. And, more as a lark than anything else, Mama Hutchinson permitted little Josephine to help nice Mr. Fairbanks out, by filling a little-girl part in a moving picture Miss Pickford was making, called *The Little Princess.*

BUT the way they worked, and the result on the screen, settled things. Mrs. Hutchinson took little Josie back to Seattle post-haste, and vowed that never again should her child be dissuaded from the course of true thespianism behind the footlights. From then on, Josephine's psychological diet included such items as "the screen is common, vulgar, blah and lousy!" Not in those words, to be sure—but that was the idea.

She learned all about Shakespeare and Ibsen and not a thing about lap-dissolves and a clinch fade-out. She and mama went east, 3,000 miles away from horrible Hollywood, and Josephine stage-dèbuted in Washington, D.C. She did it so well that in a short time, she graduated to Broadway, and Mama Hutchinson was happy. Daughter Josephine played with Eva LaGallienne in New York's Civic Repertory. She once saw Duse herself and gave out, then and there, that Duse was the greatest living person in the world.

And then—well, and then some scouts from Hollywood approached her. It took quite a while to break down the Hutchinson front. It was explained that custard pies were being thrown very infrequently, any more, and that, at any rate, *Josephine* never would be thrown at. And then they mentioned what the Messrs. Warner would expect to pay Josephine.

It was a splendid argument—and besides, such recognized stage persons as Leslie Howard and George Arliss were making movies, so why not Josephine? And so Josephine went to Hollywood, with mother holding her misgivings in check. And the first day of her contract term, Josephine reported to the studio.

"Ah, Miss Hutchinson, how do you do?" someone said. "May I present Mister Powell—Mister Richard Powell, who'll play opposite you. Please kiss Mister Powell, now."

"How do you do, Miss Hutchinson? I've heard so much about you. Tilt your head a bit this way, please?"

Then he kissed her.

Someone said that that was fair, but turn a bit more this way, please. A bit dazedly, she did. Powell kissed her again. It wasn't bad. "Now, we'll take it," someone said, and lights went on, big, and everybody was silent, and Powell kissed her again.

That went on for hours. They stopped a while, for lunch, and then went right back to kissing again. They kissed until well after five o'clock.

"And how did you like your first day in movies?" they asked her.

She looked at Dick Powell. Dick grinned. Josephine broke into a grin herself—a most unshakespearian, unibsenlike grin.

"It was," she announced, whole heartedly, "swell!"

At any rate, today, Josephine Hutchinson is a 100 percent Hollywoodite. The greatest fly in the ointment of her delight is the fear that people will continue to consider her highbrow and arty and stagey, and that she won't be able to live down that sort of reputation.

"It seems," she complained to me, "that because of my so-called arty stage career and my liking for Ibsen and Shakespeare and Chekov, that people think I can't talk about anything but The Theater. Why, oh *why,* don't they talk to me about love and things like that, like they do to Jean Harlow and Joan Crawford and Bette Davis . . . ?"

As a matter of fact, she ought to know. Twice, she's been married. The first time was to one Robert Bell, who's related in some fashion to the Bell Telephone system. It must have been the wrong number, though, for after three years of crossed wires, they had the connection broken in Reno.

IN Hollywood, Josephine sought an agent, and found Jimmy Townsend. For a while, Jimmy got ten percent of Josephine's salary, as her agent. But one day, they went to Yuma, Arizona, and when they came back, Jimmy was out of luck on his ten percent, because she'd married him. But he wasn't out of luck in any other fashion, because Josephine is Mrs. Townsend first and Josephine Hutchinson second. "Everything that I do professionally is just part of my program of keeping my man," she explains. "I find my pleasure not so much in making a success as an actress, or in being famous as in doing something to hold the admiration and love of my husband."

Furthering that idea, Josephine's working hard at making a home for him. They have a house—in Beverly Hills, of course. But Josephine sees to it that it's *home.*

At the start, she got off on the wrong foot. Determined to have everything the best, she got a serving couple who were highly recommended. They were excellent servants—but just too, too! I mean, they'd been with Lord So-and-So, and the Whoozis's of Boston, and so on. Every time Jimmy picked up a fork, he sneaked a look at the butler, wondering if he had the right one. Josephine was never quite sure, when she told the woman what to have for dinner, that the woman really approved. Jimmy would never have dared take his shoes off and sit around, some evening, wearing slippers, because it might have offended the manservant. Even if they'd wanted to cut up their asparagus and eat it comfortably, they'd never have risked it.

And so Josephine fired them!

And she hired another couple—a nice, comfortable couple, competent but homey. And she and Jimmy are as happy as two bugs in a rug, now. Occasionally, Mama Leona Roberts visits them. Her dreams of Josephine's being a second Duse are a bit faded, but mama doesn't care, because she knows Josephine is very happy, and anyway, she's beginning to admit that maybe the screen has got the stage backed into a corner, these days.

So Josephine's happy. Mama's happy. And Hollywood, which looked askance at the coming of another snooty, arty, stagey person from Broadway, is happy too—because they've found Jo, as they already call her, is "regular." She doesn't expect to be treated like a great star. In fact, she's constantly amazed and a bit disturbed at the deference and attentions Hol-

lywood showers on star players. She says she's more used to the workaday atmosphere of a back-stage, and Hollywood's "starring" business embarrasses her.

They were afraid she couldn't or wouldn't talk anything but "The Theater," and they find she's a gal who'd rather talk about almost anything else. They know her as a grand hostess, and love to go to the parties she gives at her home. They get a kick out of her forthrightness, and the stories she tells on herself. Like the one about the fortune-teller that visited her set. He's quite famous. He asked to read her palm. She held it out, and he rattled a steady stream of prophecies—dire and rosy, bad and good, all mixed up with a jargon of astrology and lines and things like that. When he'd finished, Josephine looked at him coldly, remarked: "I don't believe a word of it!" And stalked away.

"Oh, that's all right," he called after her; "I'm used to it!"

Truth to tell, Jo was fibbing. She really *does* believe fortune tellers. That's why she doesn't go to them. Because when they tell her something's going to happen, and it doesn't, she worries so that it spoils her day. And she doesn't like to worry.

SHE doesn't care much for night clubs and things like that, either. She'd much rather stay home with her Jimmy, her Padda and her Puck. The latter two are her cat and dog, respectively. She likes to read—Shakespeare, George Moore, Chekov, and her scrapbooks. Yes, she has a fine library of scrapbooks, and I suppose you think that's quite ordinary, for all stars keep scrapbooks, don't they? Yeah—but the catch is that Josephine's scrapbooks don't contain a single line about herself or her work. Unlike most actors' scrapbooks, they're not personal clippings at all, but things about costumes, settings, colors, and clips from every manner of source that appertain to acting.

Because, about that, she *is* serious. It's the one big result of her childhood training that will never leave her. On the set, she's a sort of female Paul Muni—utterly and entirely wrapped up in her acting. Between takes, she usually sits off in a corner, working out her part.

It's during those hours that she most closely approximates the fictitious picture Hollywood had built of her. But when the day's work is done, Jo becomes an utterly un-stage-y person. She loves to ride—and is one of the best riders in Hollywood. Or she fusses around with her clothes, and goes utterly feminine. She's keen on clothes, but she doesn't think Hollywood's a good place to buy them. So on those between-picture vacations, she goes to New York to replenish her wardrobe. Hollywood calls her one of its best-dressed women, even if she does buy her stuff back east. She never wears jewelry—except for a necklace to which is hung a tiny compass that once belonged to Duse. She steers her professional course by it, as a sort of good-luck charm, she fancies.

And her pet pastime, of *all* things, is horticulture. She putters about in her own garden, and if you think she plants pansies in the wrong place and roses in the wrong season, you're cuckoo. As a matter of fact, she's a botanical expert. She has studied innumerable books about it, and besides it's being her hobby, she says it's what she wants to do when she quits the screen and stage, if ever. She wants to devote herself to botany.

Good heavens—imagine raising your daughter to be a second Sarah Bernhardt, and then having her turn out to be just a female Luther Burbank at heart . . . !!!

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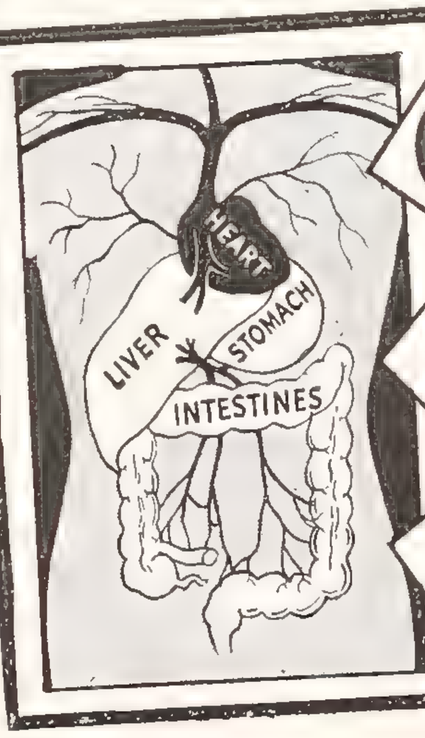
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OTHINE
DOUBLE STRENGTH

The Show Window

[*Continued from page* 61]

formances by Richard Arlen, Cecilia Parker and Henry B. Walthall. Based on Harold Bell Wright's novel, the screen play, somewhere in the adaptation, went astray and lost its punch. *Columbia.*

THE DRAG-NET—Willard Mack's time-honored thriller, given inadequate production, creaks and falters. The story concerns a young district attorney's fight to end mob rule but the situations which thrilled theatre audiences when the play was first presented no longer seem to hold interest. Rod La Rocque, Marian Nixon, and Betty Compson—once names to conjure with—head the cast and deserve a better fate. *Burroughs-Tarzan.*

CARYL OF THE MOUNTAINS—Once more the Mountie gets his man, but the fact that he is helped, in this case, by the intelligence of Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr., makes this picture an interesting offering. If you are a dog lover, don't miss this one—but don't expect a great production. The James Oliver Curwood story seems to drag rather sadly in spots and is saved only by the uncanny talents of the dog. Francis X. Bushman, Jr., and Lois Wilde both handle their rôles capably but are handicapped by the story's flaws. *Reliable.*

ABSOLUTE QUIET—A comedy-melodrama with more than a dash of the *Grand Hotel* formula. In spite of several very excellent performances, notably those of Lionel Atwill, Raymond Walburn, Stuart Erwin, Ann Loring and Irene Hervey, the picture is sadly lacking in entertainment quality. The story brings a number of ill-assorted people to an isolated ranch, where they work out their fates to the accompaniment of numerous murders. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

An Apology

We are unable to announce the winners of the Pickford-Lasky trademark contest in this issue of Movie Classic owing to the fact that thousands of last minute entries poured in from the four corners of the earth as the dead-line date neared. The judges have not yet been able to make their final selections.

Never in the history of Movie Classic's many prize contests has such a response been known. Apparently every reader has a trademark suggestion to offer and, even after the first rough survey had been made and the list of entries was reduced to approximately five percent of the original total, thousands remained, each one of which deserved—and is receiving—the most careful consideration. Both Jessie L. Lasky and Mary Pickford join with the editors of Movie Classic in thanking you for your splendid response and you may depend upon finding in August Movie Classic, the complete and final list of prize winning entries.



Why BOB TAYLOR Can't Marry!

● There's an interesting, vital story behind Robert Taylor's bachelorhood. Read why, with countless women at his feet, Bob Taylor isn't contemplating marriage for years to come!

● July HOLLYWOOD, replete with breezy news items, exclusive candid photos and intimate gossip, will bring you complete coverage of Hollywood, including special stories on such important stars as Margaret Sullavan, Grace Moore, Rochelle Hudson, and many others. Don't miss a single issue of this sparkling magazine! Watch for

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Rorabaugh Dry Goods Co.
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Weiss & Goldring Inc.
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[Continued on page 79]



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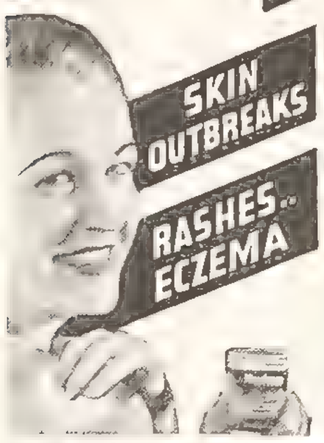


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6 Crises in Myrna Loy's Life

[Continued from page 37]

intrigued him and he spent hours photographing her in unusual poses. When the pictures were finished they had a strange Oriental look. Rudolph Valentino happened to see them.

"Who is that girl?" he asked.

"Just a dancing girl. She's working in the chorus over at the Egyptian theatre."

"I'd like to see her," said Valentino. "Have her come over to my studio?"

LIKE most girls of her generation, Myrna worshipped at the Valentino shrine. Her first meeting with him stands out as one of the dramatic highlights of her life.

"Mr. Valentino's expecting you," the girl at the reception desk told her. "Will you go right in."

Trembling with stagefright, fearful that he would be disappointed when he saw her in person, she entered.

"I've been looking for a girl to play opposite me in *Cobra*," he said. "Both Mrs. Valentino and I feel that you are just the type we want."

Before Myrna could say *Fu Manchu* they had her clothed in a gorgeous gown and Valentino himself was supervising her makeup.

A few days later Myrna sat in a projection room, looking at her first screen test.

"It was the most disillusioning moment of my life," she says. "I looked like a caricature. My cheeks seemed sunken and my eyes were dark smudges. I moved across the screen like a galloping tintype."

She did not wait for the lights to come on. She needed no one to tell her that she had failed. And rather than face Valentino and have him tell her that she wouldn't do, she slipped out of the projection room, unnoticed and unseen.

The best testing rod of any individual is to observe his reaction to failure. In Myrna Loy's case failure only succeeded in bringing out the "fight" in her. Instead of going back to her dancing job, which would have been the easiest thing to do, she determined to crash the motion picture gates.

Day after day, week after week, she went to the casting office of the M.G.M. studio.

Perhaps it was her persistence. Perhaps it was Fate. At any rate, one afternoon when hope had worn very thin she heard someone at the casting window say:

"Hey, you—how'd you like to work a couple of hours for a change? It's just a costume test. You won't need any makeup."

THERE are girls, of course, who would have considered being a dummy for a costume too unimportant to bother about. To Myrna, however, it spelled *Opportunity*. She was through the gate like a flash. And, though she had been told that it was not necessary, she took the precaution to put on a makeup.

"There's no telling who might see the test," she thought.

The right people saw it. And while Myrna did not get a job immediately, it marked the beginning of her career. . . . . .

Myrna's last dramatic highlight took place only recently.

The liner *Paris* was nosing its way out of New York harbor. Among the passengers the word had been passed along that Myrna Loy was aboard. Eagerly they awaited her appearance on deck. But Myrna remained in her stateroom. Had anyone been curious enough to look through the keyhole they would certainly have seen nothing particularly dramatic in the picture of a girl standing at the porthole, watching the New York skyline fade from view.

But Myrna was seeing more than the skyline. She was seeing again a camp fire in the Montana hills. Like a film unwinding, she saw the years that had stretched between, the responsibilities she had shouldered, the hard work, the heartaches she had had as well as the triumphs. Now, she was at another crossroads. She had walked out of the cast of *Rendezvous* because she considered herself unsuited to the role assigned to her. It was the first time she had ever taken a rebel attitude.

"I had left Hollywood beset by worries and doubts as to whether I had done the right thing. The trip to Europe was an overnight impulse. I had had my passport for some time hoping that some day I would be able to make the trip. Now that I was on my way I found myself wondering whether I had done the right thing. And then as I stood looking through the porthole at the widening expanse of sea, a sudden feeling of detachment swept over me. Hollywood, the picture business, my career which had seemed so very important, suddenly seemed far away. *I was at sea!* They couldn't call me back for retakes. For the first time in years I had the sensation of feeling really independent. I said a temporary goodbye to Myrna Loy, the actress, and became Myrna Loy, an individual. In other words, I saw myself without benefit of camera and my whole point of view changed. There were other exciting things in life beside making pictures. I was starting on a new adventure and I determined then and there to make the most of it. Instead of remaining in my stateroom as I had intended to do, I powdered my nose and went out on deck. I didn't even bother to look back at the skyline. And in that moment I knew, intuitively, that I had passed another crossroads. There might be storms ahead but I refused to see anything but clear sailing."



The pounding surf of Laguna Beach, which is becoming *the* summer resort for Hollywood's film famous, claims Jean Parker these days

Personality of the Month

[*Continued from page* 50]

A six-foot ex-artilleryman doing a tap dance routine—things were bound to happen. He charged to the front in the musical comedy field, came to the United States at the request of the Schuberts and toured 72 weeks with Mitzi Hajos in *The Madcap.* Then a few good parts raised Hollywood's enthusiasm to a fever. And three years ago he heeded the call. It was a case of starting from scratch again, playing any "bit" offered him. His first real part in films was that of a butler in an RKO "short" featuring Ruth Etting. Since then he has appeared in some *seventy-five* different parts—usually alternating, as he himself says, "between the silly awss and the silly butler," and thoroughly enjoying both. His buttling in the Shirley Temple picture, *Curly Top,* was such a superlative job that it led to his being starred by Twentieth Century-Fox in a series based on the P. G. Wodehouse stories, *Thank You, Jeeves.* The first is to be released shortly.

The first thing that strikes you about Treacher is his look of perpetual astonishment—which he says is chronic. His mother calls him "Pip" . . . young Miss Temple calls him "Sweetie-Pie" because he is now her best beau. His most vicious habit is attending dog shows. Unmarried, he lives in a pleasant bachelor apartment with his Yorkshire terrier, Miss Hannah of Hollywood. He is, he declares, a violent anti-stamp collector . . . . .



Beach-days and dog-days are synonymous for the folks of movie land who believe in giving their pets the best. Jean Chatburn's purp seems well pleased with the salt air



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What Freddie Thinks About It All

[*Continued from page 23*]

of the way. A cat dashed madly across the street and up a tree, there to glower and spit. A little girl on roller skates scrambled to the safety of her own front yard. An automobile approaching the crossing below slowed down in order to clear the coast for the penny-farthing bicycle.

Then it happened.

Evidently it was not the pilot's intention to project his strange looking vehicle out into the intersection. Miss Bartholomew is VERY strict with her nephew in the matter of venturing into intersections either on foot or a-wheel. Anyway, the young gentleman at the handlebars suddenly turned to the left.

"Hang on, Jane," he yelled to the little girl on an improvised passenger's seat behind him. "Here we go!"

Well, go they did—into a well-trimmed hedge, head first, with the bicycle on top of them. And—

"Anyhow," remarked Cyclist Freddie Bartholomew to the disheveled little girl in the hedge beside him, "it was great while it lasted, was it not?"

He picked himself up and, with typical Bartholomew gallantry, helped his passenger up, too. "Come on," he said, casually, "we'll have time to try it again before lunch."

That was the day Miss Bartholomew told him his mother was coming to see him. She told him quietly, naturally—just called to him as he and his small playmate trudged up the hill with the penny-farthing bike. "Come here, dear," she said. The conversation went something like this:

Miss Bartholomew: "Freddie, dear, we have some news. Your mother is coming to see you."

Freddie: "Very soon?"

Miss Bartholomew: "Yes, any time, now."

Freddie: "That is very nice. Will she stay for lunch?"

That was all, Master Freddie turned back to the old-fashioned wheel which has been his own ever since *Little Lord Fauntleroy* was finished. "One more ride, Aunty Cissy, before lunch?" he pleaded.

"Very well." Quietly the dark-eyed little lady turned back to the modest, tile-roofed house where she and Freddie live.

I began a question. "Doesn't he know anything about—?"

". . . about his mother wanting to take him away from me?" She helped me out, then answered.

"No, he doesn't. And why should he? After all, he is just a little boy."

WE WENT into the moderately-sized, pleasant living room. I stumbled over something that rattled sharply.

"Freddie's electric train . . ." Miss Bartholomew was apologetic. "He has that little room in there" pointing to an adjacent room—"for his playthings, but do you think he will keep them in there? No, indeed! He apparently enjoys them twice as much anywhere else and he's always leaving them around. Still," she added and her eyes were soft, as a mother's might be, "I don't mind too much. He really is a very good little boy . . ."

By this time Freddie and small Jane had completed their second journey down the hill on the penny-farthing bike, evidently without great mishap, and were back, eager for lunch. There was, however, the matter of "washing up a bit" as Freddie phrased it. We heard him explaining to Jane.

"I suppose we might as well," he told her, "or Aunt Cissy won't let us sit down to eat." They raced up stairs to the bathroom and were back in a suspiciously short time.

"Let me see your hands," Aunt Cissy demanded of her nephew.

Blandly he stretched them out, *palms* up. But she was on to this. "Let me see the backs," she insisted. He turned them over, but not with the same assurance. Miss Bartholomew examined them carefully. "Well," she said doubtfully, "I suppose they'll do."

"Yes, they really must do, Aunt Cissy," supplemented Master Freddie. He turned to me, then. "A boy has great trouble keeping his hands clean if he is given to marble playing," he confided, and I nodded sympathetically.

During luncheon I ventured to speak to Freddie about his mother. What was going on in that curly head of his? What did the word *mother* really mean to him?

"Do you remember your mother, Freddie?" I asked him.

He answered politely in that beautifully cultivated voice of his. "Oh yes, ma'am. I was very young when I came to live with Aunt Cissy. I was not more than three, I fancy. But I have seen my mother at intervals since then—" he looked quite pleased at accomplishment of such an elegant word—"so I remember her, all right."

He turned to Miss Bartholomew. "Why is she coming?" he queried. "Is it that she does not like England any more?"

Something like fear clouded Miss Bartholomew's fine eyes. She hesitated. Then Freddie saved her from answering. He supplied an answer himself.

"I suppose she is interested in California," he said, easily. "California is a wonderful place, isn't it?" This to me. . . No, young Freddie does not forget his manners. I was a guest; he my host. Throughout that pleasant, informal meal, he showed me the same courtly, gracious consideration that an adult host would have done. He is a grand little boy—is Freddie Bartholomew.

Nothing more was said about Freddie's mother that day—and why should there have been? No matter what her claim upon him may or may not have been, can a twelve-year-old youngster place significantly in his heart a woman whom he has seen only at vague "intervals"?

After luncheon there was more cycling to be done, with Freddie taking time off to tell me about his "very best friend"—one John Patrick, brother of Jane, who, Freddie confided proudly, "is fourteen but does not consider himself too old to play with me."

I learned more of John Patrick and Jane after the children had gone out to play again. They are English children, son and daughter of a well-known English magazine writer, and are practically Freddie's only playmates. As his aunt explained:

"If I allowed him to play with little boys and girls in general, he would soon lose his precise manner of speaking and that, as we say in Hollywood, is his 'stock in trade'."

SHE looked on like this—a gentle, cultured woman as full of hopes and dreams for Freddie as any mother could be over a son—until the sun neared the bluffs out Santa Monica way, and Freddie and his playmate came tearing up the walk,

clamoring for tea.

Still polite, Freddie asked me to have some, too, but I said I couldn't so he shook hands with me and asked me to come again

"If you weren't quite so big, perhaps you could ride on my bike," he suggested. "And anyway, if you cannot do that, would you like to see my building toys sometime? I am told they are the very finest building toys there are."

They were still outside as I drove away, Freddie having stopped to take up with his aunt some matter concerning his penny-farthing bicycle. I could see him fondling the handlebars as he talked. Perhaps he wanted to take another spin down the street . . . I don't know. . . .

But I had learned something else that day. I had learned the answer to that question which has puzzled and distressed many a fan who loves Freddie Bartholomew in pictures and hopes that he has emerged unhurt from all of this trouble which is no fault of his own. . .

The question is: What does Freddie think about it all?

And the answer is: NOTHING!

He thinks nothing about it because he knows nothing. Which is as it should be. . .

Shopping Guide

[*Continued from page 75*]

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Jean Arthur, once adjudged a screen failure, has scored in two smash hits, *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* and *The Ex-Mrs. Bradford* in rapid-fire order and now is rewarded by a brand new starring contract with Columbia

Mad Over Eddy

[*Continued from page 29*]

pursuit began to attract newspaper attention, he realized that something had to be done. At his expense a psychologist was called in on the case and a few weeks later the girl was sent home. "She's not completely cured," said the psychologist. "But she's better!" Nelson told me recently that he had never heard from her since.

A third case was of a little different nature, but equally embarrassing. And quite as innocently inspired. From time to time Nelson had received letters from a young girl who said she had been confined to her bed for three years with paralysis. Her one joy in life was listening to him sing. Now she was dying—but she'd die happy if she could only see him and talk with him once. Please, it was such a small thing to ask . . .

Nelson's first reaction was one of complete agreement. It *was* a small thing to ask. Of course! He would be glad to do it! But then just as he was about to make the trip another installment on the psychologist's bill came due and Nelson thought better of it. The studio secretary wrote a polite note instead.

But that was not the end of it. Three days later Nelson heard from the girl's doctor. *Please!* It was a matter of life or death. He went. He saw. He was *almost* conquered. The girl was dying of nothing unless it was love. And as for the doctor, there wasn't any. Again Nelson's heels stood him in good stead.

THERE were many such cases, but they all duplicate each other. Love-sick minds. Fixations. Frustrations. The new American disease . . . women weaving dreams to the magic of a golden voice . . . Nelson Eddy madness!

Most recent to hit the papers was the case of a nineteen-year-old girl from South Bend, Indiana. She claimed that *her* interest in him was merely musical.

But what a furor she created when she suddenly displayed her devotion to Nelson Eddy. Whether her interest was merely musical or merely romantic, it played a merry tune on the newspaper cash register.

It all started in January when Nelson left Hollywood for an extensive concert tour. Some say that the young lady in question picked up his trail at Los Angeles. Others that she didn't start her pursuit until he left Oakland. At any rate she was there, close behind him, when he pulled in at Columbus, Ohio. She had traveled on the same Pullman, as a matter of fact, and he had given her his autograph. When asked about that, she announced that Mr. Eddy had given it voluntarily. "He was sitting near me and noticed that I held a phonograph record of one of his songs. He offered the autograph and I accepted. Why, I wouldn't have the courage to ask!" She actually shuddered at the thought of such nerve.

Later, at the hotel where she and Nelson were both staying, the reporters again cornered her. But by this time she was indignant. "I like to hear him sing. I study piano. I enjoy music. So why should my interest in Mr. Eddy be misinterpreted. Anyone interested in music might do the same. I do wish you'd stop all this fuss. I'm almost afraid to go home. What will my friends think?"

But really, it seemed that she couldn't have been very much worried about that either, because even before the reporters had left she was scurrying around, calling for reservations on the same train that Nelson was taking to Evansville.

"Just a minute," asked the gentlemen of the press, "You're not by any chance following Elaine Barrie's example?"

"Oh, boys!" she admonished gently. "How could you!"

Threat girls and Nelson Eddy trailers! What wondrous magic in that Eddy voice!

Angel of Mercy

[*Continued from page* 33]

Opposition arises from army officers who fear the soldiers will be softened by such treatment, but with the help she receives from a war correspondent (Ian Hunter), she gets some of the medical supplies needed for her work. Newspapers in England carry on a constant campaign to give the nurses the materials refused them by the army.

In a smashing climax, Florence Nightingale receives honors from the Queen after her whole cause seems lost.

Such is the story of *Angel of Mercy*. It requires a cast which includes thirty important players and more than 120 bit players. In addition, literally thousands of extras take part in some of the bigger scenes.

To handle the difficult directorial assignment, Warner Brothers chose William Dieterle, the man who co-directed *Midsummer Night's Dream* with Max Reinhardt, and then scored an outstanding triumph with the immensely successful *Story of Louis Pasteur*.

Besides Kay Francis, Donald Woods, Nigel Bruce, and Ian Hunter, the cast of *Angel of Mercy* includes several brilliant London players, notably Charles Crooker-King, George Curzon, and Ara Gerald. Many of the minor characters are actually starting major careers at Warner Brothers in this picture.

Many costly sets were required to shoot the various scenes. Most elaborate of all was the waterfront at Scutari, a small Turkish port across from Constantinople that suddenly gained importance with the opening of the war. For this sequence a whole string of shops were built along the waterfront, a transport ship was constructed, and a log pontoon bridge was erected between ship and shore. The waterfront scenes were taken on the old Vitagraph lot, several miles from the new Warner Brothers studio.

Property men found the picture unusually difficult. Recent enough to still be within the memory of man, this period of history proved far more exacting than the more remote periods dealt with in most costume pictures. Members of the cast, many of them residents of England, helped the costumers by bringing out family albums clearly depicting the clothes of the era.

To satisfy the demands for hospital supply props, workers had to assemble 2,740 different items, 1,500 of which were medical supplies.

The Scutari hospital set opened endless vistas to the photographers. As a result, you will find many novel and unusual shots throughout the picture.

THE longest candle scene ever taken was shot after a host of technical difficulties were overcome. Kay Francis, carrying a long tapering candle, enters the corridor 190 feet from the camera. As she moves forward the light increases in front and diminishes behind. To carry out this effect twelve banks of flood lights had to be equipped with dimming devices. A rescue call was sent out to other studios when Warner Brothers supply of dimmers was found inadequate.

The scene symbolizes the immortal "Lady with the Lamp" poem, with Florence Nightingale having one last look of tender concern for her patients before retiring for the night.

Every member of the cast is enthusiastic over the possibilities presented in *Angel of Mercy*. And especially delighted is Kay Francis, who for once has a chance to escape that "best dressed woman" label which she has honestly and sincerely disliked for years.

"This rôle is my first chance in nine years to live down that title." Miss Francis remarked between scenes, "and it makes me positively effervescent. I regard it as the most important thing I have ever attempted. Florence Nightingale offers a rôle without an alibi. All the clothes and glamour in the world could not make it convincing. Such an opportunity doesn't arrive often in the film industry."

Miss Francis made a deep analysis of the character she was to play, one that gives a deeper insight into Florence Nightingale's driving purpose:

"The great women of history," said the actress, "gave their talents and abilities, but this inspiring character, more than anyone else, gave *herself*."

She had not a thought of glory or reward. She wanted only to alleviate the suffering of humanity. [*Continued on page* 84]

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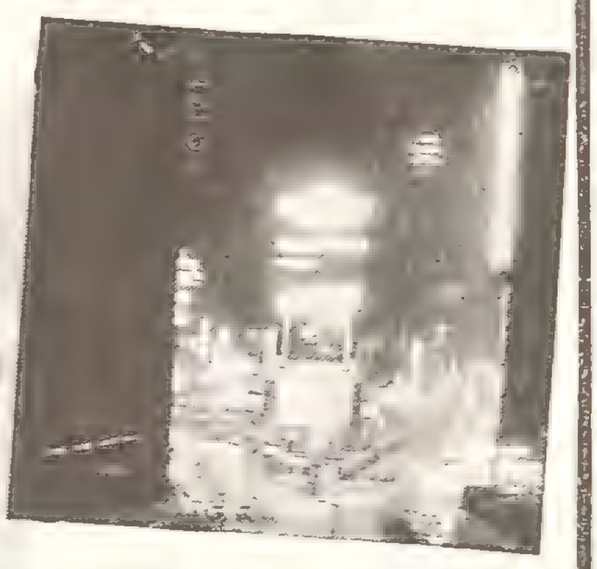
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Louis DaPron, Eleanore Whitney and Robert Cummings swing into the rythmic "Tap-along," the feature dance of their new film musical for Paramount, *Three Cheers for Love.* Eleanore is rated the world's fastest tap dancer

In Quest of Romance

[*Continued from page 39*]

the jungle before him. Failure meant the beach again.

He was nearly two hundred miles up stream before he began to worry. He worried because things were going entirely too well. He knew from experience that the jungle is not a kind mistress; a poisonous barb too often lurks beneath her velvety green touch. As he stood athwart the bow watching the unending, sinuous curves of the river, despondency settled over him. The natives had been dangerously quiet all the way up. But that didn't worry him, nor did the heat that presaged an early monsoon season, nor did the pestilential insects. What did cause him a faint unease was the great show of pious friendliness that every black son-of-a-head-hunter he'd met had demonstrated. Not one had tried to make a crooked trade, not one had appeared, smeared with white river clay and brandishing his spear, the blood lust clear in his eyes.

INSTEAD, there had been feasting in every village and beautiful native girls in the full bloom of early adolescence were everywhere apparent. It wasn't right. A properly suspicious native keeps his women in the bush at the first sign of an approaching white.

"Yess Sar!" an ancient chief fawned upon him, "Yess! Tubby sure! The Great Missions of the Great White-Man's God have shown us the evil of taking our brothers' lives!"

The row upon row of bleak, grey skulls on the racks of the Ravi-hut behind belied the lip-service, even had the ancient's eyes not held a pronounced leer. His son strode by, fresh from the jungle, blood on his hands and spear—his huge wad of hair teased out to unbelievable lengths, his body covered with cabalistic scar tattooing, his thick lips quivering in a carefully controlled, but nonetheless wild desire for more blood. He paused significantly before Flynn who casually dropped a hand on his revolver butt. The old man smiled his oiliest and, with an almost imperceptible shake of the head, performed the introductions.

"My boy," he later said with undue pride, "is a great hunter. He has just killed a wild boar. Half of it we will give to the Holy Mission."

Flynn often wonders if the Mission ever got any of that boar. For the next morning as he put up stream he noticed over the ridge pole of the young man's hut a drying skull . . .

At length he reached the end of navigable water and struck inland just north of the last Mission outpost. So far he had lost only a single boy and was highly pleased with himself. That one had disobeyed orders and waded into the water after the body of a Bird of Paradise he'd dropped with an arrow. The plumage brings much money at trading posts and the carcass is good eating. But the boy never ate nor collected.

A crocodile got him.

As they approached their first village Flynn pitched camp—well outside, but, shrewdly, on the path to water. Maru, his Number One boy, went ahead with presents, trade knives and the like for the local chieftan. He returned, his brown belly glutted with feasting, bearing muni-

ficent gifts of fruit, sago and meat for the White Master. Two days of this intercourse of preliminary gifts went on before they settled down to the monotony of bargaining.

Immediately Flynn realized that there was some undercurrent, something dangerous afoot. Dangerous because it was unlike these simple, direct people to beat around the bush. At last, by threatening to order his boys to pack up and shove on, he forced a show-down with the crafty elders of the tribe.

"Yes, Master, we savvy trade with you. You want boy fellow go work. Boy fellow go; Mission say good for boy fellow work plantation, but village poor without boy."

Promptly all the elders began to moan and sadly wag their heads in unison. Erroll recognized the cue.

"Good; Boy fellow come! I savvy; what does village father want?"

At long length it came out. These crafty head-hunters, long in contact with the missions, had learned about white man's money, and realized the Christian possibilities of making such money themselves. A faint disgust filled Flynn; all this sanctimonious show of the tribes was nothing but a coverup . . .

"Great and Noble White Master give us money-making machine, White Master can have all boys he wants!"

A moment's careful thought and Erroll nodded. "Tomorrow. Come here with the moon. Only in the full of the moon can white man's money be made. I will teach you how, but bring twenty strong boys—strong here, here and here!" He indicated head, limbs and chest as the crafty chieftains nodded delightedly. They would have sold their eternal souls for a counterfeiter's outfit.

FLYNN and Maru worked for about half an hour the next afternoon—a few pieces of sago wood, four quickly bored holes, some strips of liana vine, a vial of mercury from the medicine chest and four shiny, new florins—genuine—and he was ready.

That night, a strange group banded together excitedly in front of the White Master's tent. Maru beat a simple rhythm on a borrowed tom-tom as Erroll expertly filled a small vial with water and local herbs. An easy mumbo-jumbo followed and then came the dangerous point. If one of those sharp jungle eyes detected his shift of the vials—well, the story would never be told! But the Gods are kind to the Irish. From the other vial hidden in his hand be poured into the funnel of his sago wood box a stream of gleaming, flowing silver—mercury. More abracadabra, a sliding tray deftly pulled out and there under the equatorial moon were four brand new florins!

It wasn't until after carefully cautioning the greedy natives not to try counterfeiting except at the full of the moon that Erroll started down stream with his twenty boys. He wanted to be far away before they tried it themselves . . .

On the long trip down came the labor recruiter's toughtest task—teaching the boys pidgin English of the sort they would have to know in the labor camps. Their first contact was always with a government inspector who, to make sure of their voluntary willingness to work under a one, two or three year indenture contract, would ask them the question, usually holding up one, two or three fingers to simplify their answers. The length of time they agreed to labor had a surprising effect on the recruiter's pay . . .

Erroll, therefore, called them forth on deck twice a day. Like one training puppies, he would take them one at a time, "You work one year?" If the boy nodded, Erroll smiled and handed him one cookie. It was amazing how quickly they all caught on! Next week he varied it by saying, "You work two year?" It took more patience than you'd think to accustom them to the change until they got hep to getting two cookies for nodding at the word "two." From then on it was a lead pipe cinch! At the word three those boys would jump through hoops of fire in their eagerness to get the three cookies . . . Erroll prayed silently, as he thought of his entire investment in these miscellaneous boys, that he'd get them there alive and still eager for cookies, three cookies to be precise . . .

Everything went well until they started across the low lands of the river deltas. It was impossible to carry the launch so it was left behind to be called for later. They'd ford the streams as best they could—which was Erroll's biggest worry at the time.

THERE are many streams in that country, but the technique is simple—build your raft of sago and liana where you are and ferry it across until the whole party is safe on the other side. Wading or swimming is impossible because of snakes and crocodiles . . .

The second stream forded on that trek Erroll has bodily reason never to forget. The first trip across was made by Maru, a few labor boys, and supplies; the second by another of his own safari and more labor boys, supplies and so on.

Flynn and Gonai, his Number Two boy, three "guests" and the guns went on the last run across the four hundred yard river. Half way over he heard a strangled moan from Gonai. He turned—and paled. The liana rope binding the bamboo logs together had frayed apart! In less time than it takes to tell the whole lot were pitched into crocodile infested water two hundred yards from shore!

Struggling to free himself of heavy boots, Flynn glanced about to make sure that his men were all able to swim. With vast relief he saw that they all were making slow headway against the current. And then, suddenly, he heard Gonai shriek . . .

"Vie ela, Master! Vie ela! Puk-Puk! Puk-Puk!"

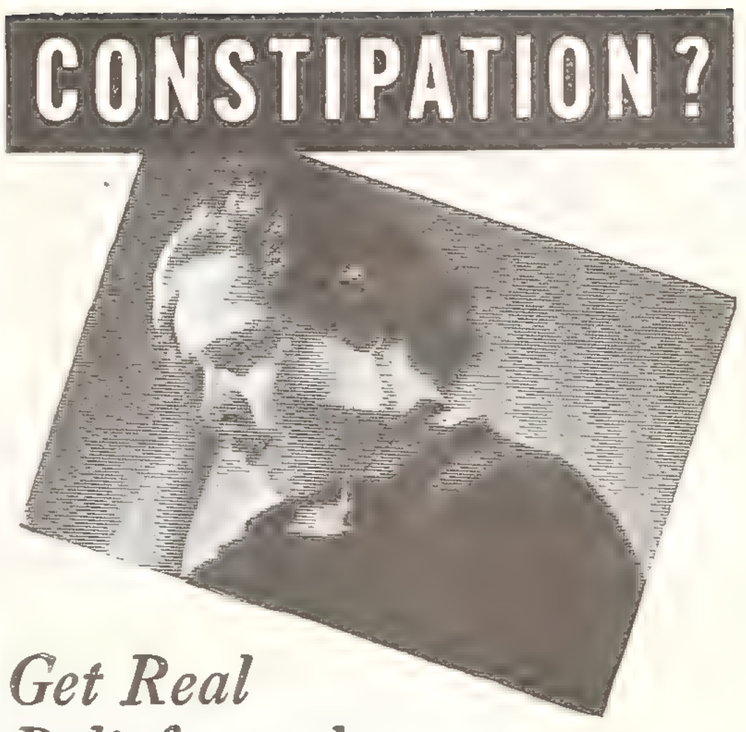
He needed no interpreter to tell him what that meant,

"Faster, Master! Faster! Crocodiles! Crocodiles!"

They were attacking—unseen monsters with horrid, ripping jaws!—

To Be Continued

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Angel of Mercy

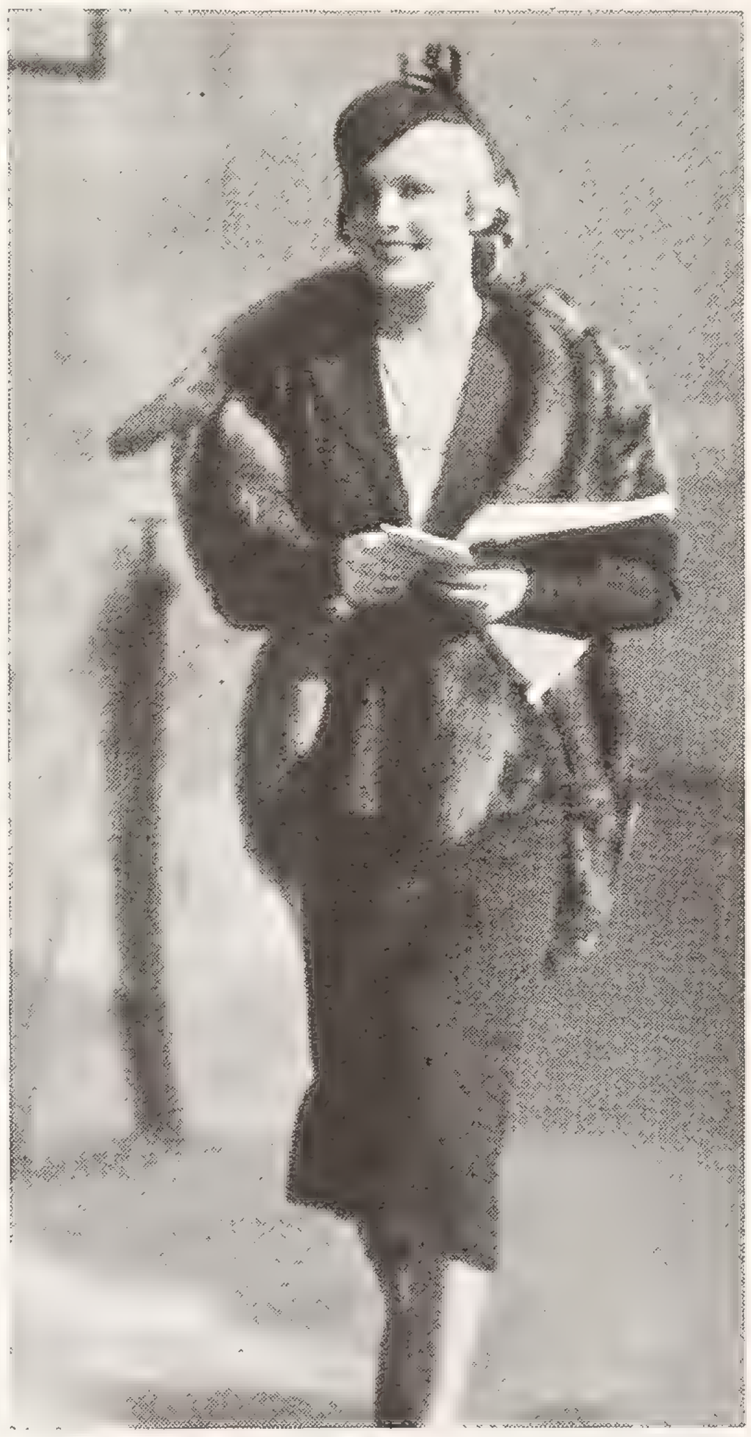
[*Continued from page* 81]

She sacrificed her home life. She turned her back on the man who loved her. Like Pasteur, she had to fight even those who should have been her allies—the physicians. She stood almost alone in a world of enemies with no weapon but her earnestness, no shield but her ideals.

"I remember that when I was a little girl, my mother read me a story about Florence Nightingale. The army officers who plotted against her seemed like cruel villains to me. I wept bitterly over the description of how she eased the last moments of wounded soldiers. Then and there she became my favorite heroine."

It is not difficult to imagine that as a child the lovely Kay Francis wept over this story, for in the hospital scenes she is now enacting, tears well into her eyes frequently. Nor is she the only one affected on the set. The sight of a hundred or more genuinely crippled persons re-enacting a tragic moment in history is enough to "get" even hardened juicers and grips.

Perhaps never before has a studio had two pictures in production based on the same war. *Angel of Mercy* is a behind-the-scenes story of the Crimean war. It takes you to the hospitals at Balaclava, but never to the battlefields. For at this point another story is begun—the one you will see in *Charge of the Light Brigade,* starring Errol Flynn. All in all, you certainly should be able to get a clear picture of an otherwise remote war!



Madeliene Carroll, the toast of European film audiences, is the latest importation from London. Under long-term contract to Walter Wanger, she will soon be seen in *The Case Against Mrs. Ames.* She is noted as one of the world's most beautiful women

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Platinum blonde or brownette? The controversy regarding the proper shade for Jean Harlow's hair has aroused a storm of controversy among her fans. Apparently Jean has settled the question to her own satisfaction, for she is again a brownette in *Suzy,* her current picture

Ronald Colman's "Lost Horizons"

[*Continued from page* 45]

What man, but a very young one, a very curious and equally confident one, would dare to set sail for a new country with thirty-seven dollars in his pocket. Yet in those days I was like that. I'd try anything once, just for the sheer adventure of it.

"NOW, it's different. Oh I still like new places, at least places that are new to me, and I like new roads to take me there. I'm still on the look-out for new experiences. But it's different. I used to seek novelty to blow off steam. All young people do. Now I seek it for something else . . . knowledge. I'm sure that's why Shangri-la appeals to Conway so much. That's why my library appeals to me . . . a place for reaping, after so much rush and doing!

"In a way I suppose, it's sort of a selfish horizon. Where friends are concerned at least. But have you ever stopped to realize how much time friends take? So much time to build a friendship, even more to keep it! If I haven't many friends, it isn't because I haven't found many. It's because not many have found me a friend. I'm afraid I make a very poor one . . . always shutting myself away, wanting my time for other things, too—not that they give a damn!" he added with his characteristic modesty. "But anyway, I do."

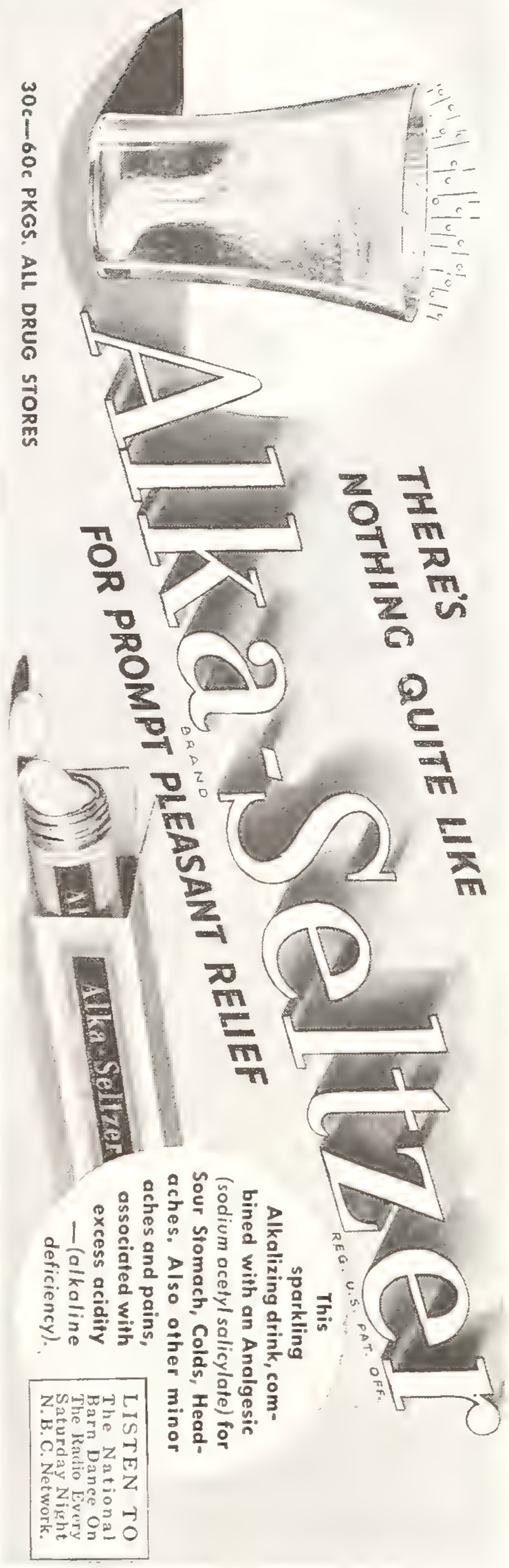
And there you have, for the first time, I believe, Ronald Colman's own explanation of his hermitage . . . the secret behind his seclusion. Not shyness. Not modesty. Not even his reserved Scotch-English blood. Not any of the things we have thought. But merely a liking for the new quiet kind of adventure he finds in books, and in art, and in thought-browsing.

Yet for details about these things I had to go to someone else. Already Ronald Colman had talked more about himself than I had ever heard him talk before.

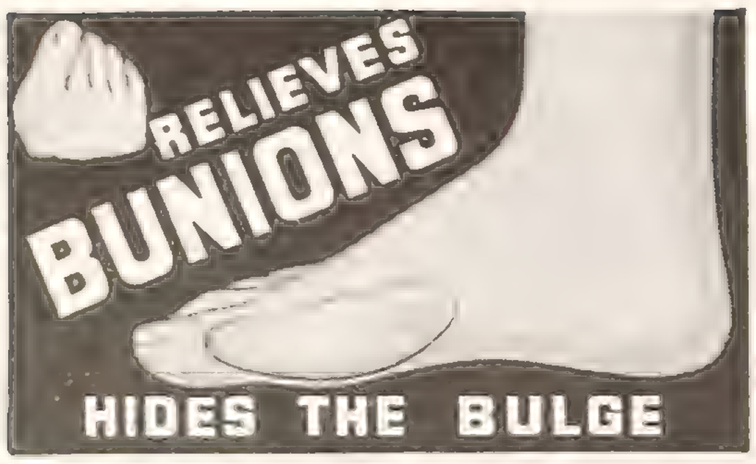
"His library! Why yes, of course, it's the most precious room in his house," one of his good English friends told me. "He has a wonderful collection of books, hundreds of volumes. Then there's his art collection. He never speaks about it much. But I know it means a lot to him, especially his Raeburn. It's his favorite. 'Portrait of a Man.' He's had it for years I guess. It was one of the first things he bought when he began to make money. He has a lot of good English prints, too. But you know, it's funny about Ronnie. He never 'talks' art, like a lot of people do. He never talks books. He never makes speeches about anything. The only reason I know that his Raeburn means a lot to him is the way I've seen him look at it at times. But then I've seen him look that way too when you talk to him about fishing! I spent a lot of time at a crab fisherman's town one year and when I came back Ronnie couldn't hear enough about them. How they looked. What they talked about, what happiness they got out of life.

"It's hard to explain . . . sounds foolish I suppose . . . but he relished them the same way he relishes that painting. Drinks it all in. You see, for a while Ronnie tried to go out and see these things for himself. But his fame always caught up with him and got in his way. Curious fans, mobs, publicity seeking hotel proprietors. You know, the sort of thing that big stars always run into. He finally had to give that up. So now he lets his books and his paintings and his music and his friends bring these things to him, and he stores them away, in sort of a . . . yes, that's it . . . as you say, like a treasure trove against the world. Now that you mention it I suppose that's what makes him so peaceful . . . the kind of a man who's never lonely even when he's alone.

"By jove, I used to wonder about Ronnie . . . wonder why he liked to be alone so much. It's always bothered me a little. But now . . . it's a funny thing, now that you bring up that treasure business . . . a funny thing! Now it isn't a mystery anymore."







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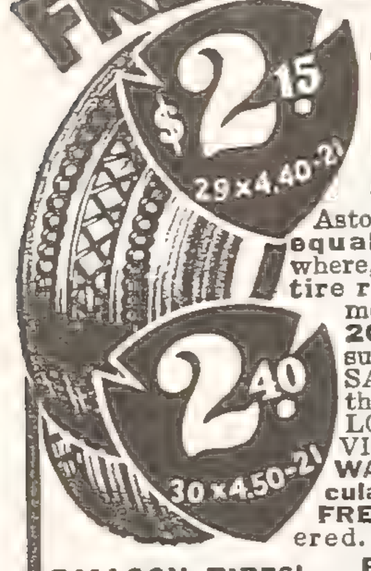
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29x5.00-19	2.85	1.05
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5.25-17	2.90	1.15
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28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15
6.00-17	3.40	1.15
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15
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Gail Patrick's Alabama Recipes

[*Continued from page 52*]

Drain off the salt water, repack in more ice and salt, place burlap bags or a heavy carpet over the freezer and allow the mixture to stand at least three hours before serving. Place a small sprig of mint on top of each 'scoop'.

Gail continued the conversation by telling me, "I became so homesick surrounded by these familiar things, I decided to do just the opposite. I rented a Spanish house, found a cook from New England—I tried desperately hard to divorce myself from my former life—even to the extent of vowing never again to say 'I reckon'.

"However one incident occurred which cured me. I came home to find Mother cooking luncheon, while the housekeeper, looking perfectly miserable, watched. My mother couldn't resist her own recipes and cooking any longer.

"She was frying sweet potato croquettes which reminded me of home, and I realized one is foolish to fight habits and customs. I ate the cakes until I couldn't move—then decided to move my household—back into the atmosphere I knew!"

Gail gave me her Mother's recipe for the croquettes. Try them for lunch.

4 cups cooked, mashed, sweet potatoes
¼ tsp. nutmeg
salt and pepper to taste
2 tbls. brown sugar
1¼ cups of soft bread crumbs

Cook, mash, and season sweet potatoes, adding ½ cup of the bread crumbs to the potatoes to take up all excess moisture and make the mixture slightly firm. Form into croquettes and roll them in balance of bread crumbs. Fry in hot fat.

Today, Gail is perfectly happy—she has learned to mix Hollywood and Alabama. Her bedroom is furnished with the things she originally brought with her. She sleeps in a four poster bed, with a canopy. White organdy curtains flutter at the windows, and cross stitch pictures, extolling the virtues of "Home, Sweet Home" adorn the walls. The furnishings in the rest of the home are from no particular period or locality.

"How about fried chicken, Gail?" I asked, knowing she would doubtless have definite views on this Southern dish.

"Smother it!" she answered promptly.

So let's make our ice cream in the good old way and smother our chicken.

Southern Chicken "Mammy Style"

2 good sized yearling chickens
1 small onion chopped fine
1 large green pepper, chopped fine
4 tbls. butter
salt and pepper to taste
1 cup cream
¼ cup water
flour for thickening

Singe and disjoint chickens, and cut in generous pieces. Heat the butter to a delicate brown, dredge pieces of chicken in flour and brown quickly on both sides.

Transfer the fowl to a baking dish, slightly brown onion and pepper in frying, add water and pour mixture over the chicken. Place in an oven at 300 degrees to slowly cook until tender. Add cream a few minutes before removing chicken. Thicken juices with a little flour and water. Serve on an old fashioned platter, garnished with watercress, and pour gravy over all.

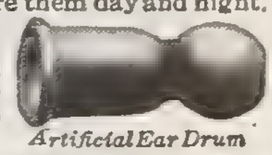
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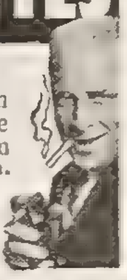
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For once a star was untirely unaware of the snooping cameraman's presence—hence this unusual picture of Margaret Sullavan, relaxing in her garden after a dip in her swimming pool. Her current release is *The Moon's Our Home,* in which she co-stars with her ex-husband, Henry Fonda

Can You Qualify for Stardom?

[*Continued from page* 43]

beautiful bodies can be developed through proper diet and exercise. Poise and carriage can be acquired by anyone.

"Many who have come to Hollywood," Van Dyke points out, "with the latent requisites for stardom, have, through self-indulgence lost their most valuable assets. A beautiful figure needs constant care. It requires the constant curbing of appetites, and the perpetual maintenance of health. No woman can impress herself as a personality if she shows weakness through the very fact that she has permitted herself to deteriorate."

Deterioration is as quickly recognized in a woman's own social circle as it is on the screen. And carries as heavy penalties with it.

"In Hollywood," says Van Dyke, "there is no place for a lazy person. Indulgence and indolence leave their marks on mental attitudes as well as on face and figure.

"Not only to *become* a star, but to continue, demands a rigorous program of self-training. No star has ever lasted long who has burned the candle at both ends. The luminaries who continue in favor are those who sublimate their work, and to whom every other consideration is secondary. They go to bed early for the needed rest when they are in the midst of a picture. They watch themselves with hawk-like eyes for first traces of fatigue.

"There is a penalty attached to everything we do contrary to natural laws. A girl ages quickly when she becomes too fatigued. To retain beauty means to budget your days and to include ample rest in your schedule. Nothing of importance can be accomplished by the perpetually weary woman. Her personality is dimmed and the electric quality in her sizzles out."

And Van Dyke, too, says that to be a star or to be a complete woman requires a mental and spiritual balance, a keen intelligence which the survivors in the race for Hollywood glory must either possess or acquire.

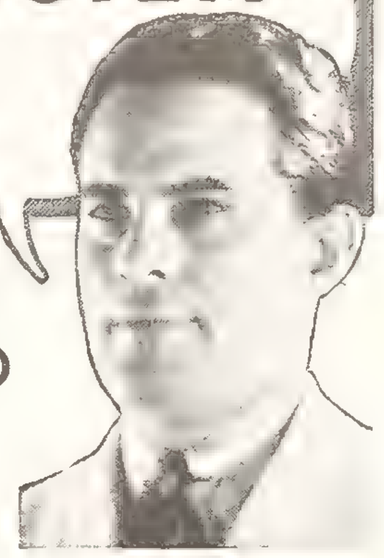
"The old phrase 'beautiful but dumb' does not hold in Hollywood. The beautiful ones dare not be dumb or their beauty adds up to exactly nothing. For intelligence dove-tails into the other requirements. The intelligent person does not continue in discouragement, but finds new founts of courage. And no one has ever accused Hollywood of being a place where fear is subsidized. The trophies always belong to those who keep on going, keep on trying, when all the odds are against them."

THAT takes courage. It took courage for Myrna Loy to go on and on playing everything that came to her hand, waiting for her chance. If she had not had that priceless ingredient of courage and patience, she today would not have been sitting securely on the topmost rung of the ladder of achievement.

Not only does the Chart for Stardom call for courage, but for the ability to

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Pluto gives a complete bowel flush in 1 hour. That is why you so quickly feel like a new person. Your head clears—your energy returns—your appetite improves.

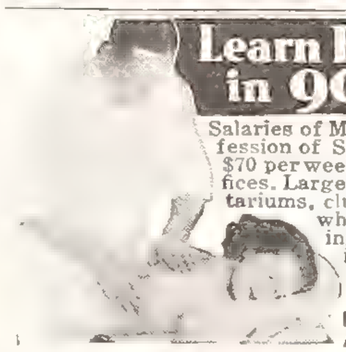
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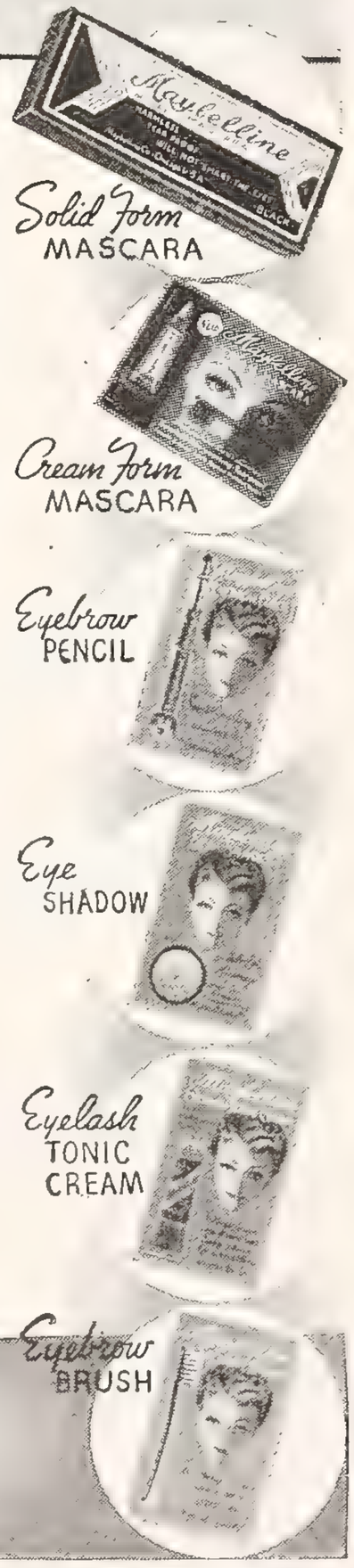


Lilly Daché, one of America's foremost hat designers, creates this utterly charming daytime hat of soft blue toyo straw — with a perky oriental yellowbird set on the crown directly off center. Its striking, swooping, narrow accordian brim is a sure challenge to adventure. Says Mme. Daché: "The shallow sailor crown lifts the hat off the eyes, and to achieve real chic it is important of course to reveal the eyes at their best — in eye makeup as well as hat design.

MODERN *Eye Make-up* IS AS NECESSARY TO *Chic* AS THE SMARTEST *Hat*

CHIC! — elusive, magnetic quality — sweep of long lovely lashes! This most compelling of all feminine charms can be yours instantly, easily, with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Don't deny your eyes their marvelous powers—darken your lashes into long luxuriant fringe with Maybelline Mascara—the modern, non-smarting, tearproof mascara preferred by more than ten million fastidious women throughout the world. Try it in either the famous Solid form or the new Cream form—lightly for the smoothest, most silken effects; or more heavily for a deep rich appearance. In Black, Brown and Blue.

Encased in a beautiful red and gold vanity, the modern Solid form Maybelline Mascara is priced at 75c at all leading toilet goods counters. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids—including the new Cream form mascara—may be had at leading 10c stores. Try them today!



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WORLD'S FINEST AND LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Can You Qualify for Stardom?

[*Continued from page 87*]

sit day after day patiently waiting in vain, until that day which proves that the waiting has *not* been in vain. It takes endless patience even after Fame is achieved to stand on your feet, hour after hour, while costumes are fitted; to sit in front of a makeup glass testing powders and pencils and eye-shadows; to test one type of hairdress after another; to seek for that perfect combination which will intensify a personality; to sit on sets hour after hour, waiting for the director's call, for your brief moment of importance in front of the cameras.

EVEN the stars have to wait. Those who cannot contain their souls in patience are the ones who, understandably enough, do not continue, for they are instantly marked with the tag of temperament and Hollywood has no place for tantrums.

But it takes courage and patience to face the problems of every-day life too. It takes a magnificent person to segregate trifles from the things which mean much, and to give them only their just due of importance. Patience is only another face of courage. Those who have become stars have that quality in great quantities.

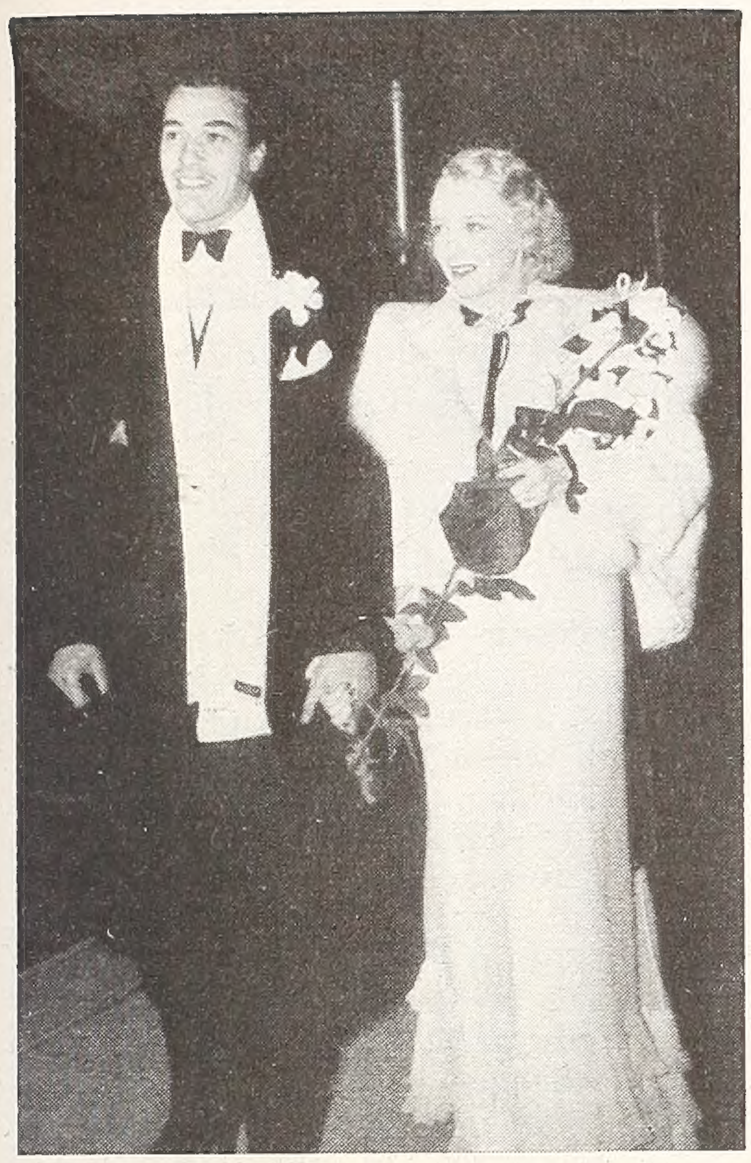
In appraising the essential factors in stardom, Director Van Dyke comes back again and again to *balance*. He points out that the star whose head swells too quickly and out of all proportion is doomed.

"There are classic examples in this town of Hollywood," he declares, "of players who have become overnight sensations and were as rapidly dumped into the limbo of forgotten women, because they could find no hat to fit their heads. Their egos became exaggerated, and their egotism flavored their work with insincerity. Any successful person must be able to stand the strain of achievement."

If by dint of labor therefore, if by dint of charm and personality, you have become the leader in a group, in your own particular group, then is the time to watch. It is too easy to become so assured that the very thing which brought you prominence is dissipated.

Sincerity on the screen is vital. Sincerity in the world as a whole is also a treasure.

To be a star you must have the power to believe, and the sincerity to make others believe you. Time and again one character in a picture stands out, because that player has imbued his make-believe part with the sincerity of his own heart. No matter how trivial the picture might be as a whole, that character is distinctive and distinguished. For nothing breeds belief as belief itself! Nothing draws our hearts to another so quickly, as the knowledge that a person is sincere.



Cesar Romero and Virginia Bruce have been seen together at Hollywood's social affairs and the inevitable romance rumors are rife

Imagination is another quality which those who have achieved stardom invariably possess. But it is as valuable in our every-day contacts with other people, in that it gives us an understanding of the other person's viewpoint.

Seek experience. Learn daily. In Hollywood a large comprehension of what it's all about is considered necessary.

Van Dyke says: "Experience inevitably gives us an all-encompassing comprehension, not only of motives, but also of the drama which spells life. The convent girl who has been sheltered could neither comprehend nor interpret the torments of a girl at odds with the world. Knowledge of people and their behavior, and an ability to interpret that behavior, is imperative in those who seek to achieve screen recognition.

"Experience makes a valuable contribution to character. No one can understand starvation, unless they themselves have felt the clutching pangs of hunger. No one can understand heartbreak without the tragedy of a broken heart."

ONE MARKED talent will flag Hollywood's attention. Jeannette MacDonald certainly found her path easier because of her glamorous voice. Nelson Eddy, Grace Moore, Fred Astaire found their niche with their distinguished and individual talent.

But even an arresting, even a rare, a unique personality, can become the one asset requisite for that first and difficult beginning. Greta Garbo is famous today because she has an aura; Myna Loy because men and women want to touch her to see if she is real; Joan Crawford, because she has a robust glamour; Maureen O'Sullivan will go to the heights because she makes tangible sheer, essential sweetness; Jean Harlow, because she has a very rare type of personality, and brings a vivid and strange charm to the screen.

But none of these girls would have achieved fame if their singular talents had not been backed up by courage and patience, good common sense, and an ability to think quickly and logically in tense situations.

All too frequently we are dishonest with ourselves in gauging our talents and our abilities. We are incapable of taking stock of ourselves truthfully. In charting yourself for stardom in your own particular circle, it is important to pick out the flaws, to credit yourself with faults or virtues as you find them in your searching.

Crawford and Loy and Harlow and the others were honest with themselves. When Jean Harlow began her climb she knew that she lacked poise; she developed it! When Joan Crawford found faults in herself, she corrected them! When Maureen O'Sullivan discovered that she was too self-indulgent, that she *did* burn the candle at both ends, she ceased doing it and her career progressed!

In charting *yourself*—in answering the questions here listed, remember that the qualities which make for screen stardom are the qualities which make for fine womanhood.

Those women who are motion picture stars today had to answer these questions. Were forced to develop or to acquire these vital attributes which are the basis of stardom.

And any woman who seeks to be completely interesting, either to herself or to others, must chart herself for stardom.

W. S. Van Dyke's Chart For Stardom

1. Have I beauty?
2. Have I any irritating mannerisms?
3. Is my figure good?
4. Do I walk gracefully?
5. Have I poise?
6. Have I self-control?
7. Have I balance?
8. Am I patient?
9. Am I self-indulgent?
10. Am I lazy?
11. Am I easily discouraged?
12. Am I intelligent?
13. Is my education sufficient?
14. Have I had sufficient experience in living?
15. Have I imagination?
16. Am I sincere?
17. Am I honest in picking my own faults?
18. Am I broad-minded or petty?
19. Does my speaking voice show personality?
20. Have I any one outstanding ability or talent?

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*Name*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____ *Age*_____

Through Horror Came Happiness

[*Continued from page 26*]

and shovel gang. He knows what it is to have lived, for one terrible week, on four cents a day. He can remember nights spent on park benches, huddling under newspapers to keep warm.

He came to Hollywood ten years before he "got lucky," in his own phrase. He served for a while as an extra. His burning dark eyes, his strongly shaped face and great, gaunt shoulders became "atmosphere" in the background of countless silent pictures.

Gradually, by sheer force of personality, he rose from the ranks of extras and became a bit player. He was known as a "French-Canadian type." He lived in a little house in Laurel Canyon, near Hollywood, a favorite place for struggling artists and writers, where small, unpretentious houses cling to the sides of the barren hills.

Every day he would walk down from the hills to Hollywood Boulevard where he saw his agent—"usually," he told me, "a thoroughly futile trip."

For as the years passed his "bit" parts were becoming fewer and fewer. Too much failure was breaking the man's spirit. "Among my friends," he said, "were many men in my own predicament. For some of them Success waited too long. When it came, their spirits were broken. . . ."

"Always in the back of my mind was the thought that I could return to the stage, if worst came to worst. If I failed completely in Hollywood—and it seemed then that I *had* failed—I could eke out a living in stock companies, where my years of early experience on the stage would have value.

"Suddenly I realized, with a shock of horrible emptiness, that the stage didn't exist any more. Vaudeville was dying with the popularity of movies. Stock companies were few and far between. Touring companies no longer played the little towns throughout the country. The bulwark that I'd counted on had been swept away! I had nothing left."

HIS voice shook a little as he told me, "I used to wake up at night in a cold sweat of fear, realizing that there was no place in the world for me. For a while I turned to laboring jobs. I drove a truck, and I worked for a cement company. But I realized that I wasn't growing any younger—and soon I wouldn't have the strength and stamina to take such jobs."

He longed, too, to return to England and the home he had left so many years before. It was bitterly ironical, that he had given up luxury and wealthy, influential friends in order to pursue that burning ambition for a career on the stage.

"I hadn't been home in many years," he said—and his tone expressed the loyalty to his native land that is a strong part of his character. "But I couldn't go back then, broke, a failure. I couldn't creep back like a whipped dog, with my tail between my legs."

Then, with a magic only Hollywood knows, the picture changed. An opportunity to play in *Criminal Code* on the stage in Los Angeles. Producers in the audience. Small gangster rôles in several pictures. Then "The Monster" in *Frankenstein,* and world-wide fame.

"I'm happy, now, that it came when it did," Karloff says. "If you get your break when you're young, you take it for granted—expect it to go on forever. And the rude awakening comes at the wrong end of your life.

"Mine came at a time when a man can best appreciate it and take advantage of it."

As if to make up for his years of hardship and suffering, life suddenly gave Karloff everything he desired. He was even assigned to make a picture in England, and his agent told him, "You've got to be in London in eight days."

"Can you imagine that?" Karloff asked me. "Only a little while ago I'd been wondering if I could scrape together enough for the boat trip. Now I was *paid* to return—in triumph!"

Another reason for happiness is his perfect marriage. His wife is the former Dorothy Stine, a girl with whom he fell in love several years before success.

They met in a little library in Hollywood where he used to go because it was the only place where he could rest—free of charge—in pleasant surroundings. She was the librarian, and she became interested in the tall, dark stranger who chose the same books she loved. Gradually they became friends.

"She was the first person in Hollywood who talked kindly to me, who seemed to take a real interest in me," Karloff told an old friend, who is an acquaintance of mine.

Now he can pour into the lap of this woman who had faith in him everything she desires—not the jewels, furs, and expensive clothes another girl might choose. For Dorothy's tastes are as simple and wholesome as his own.

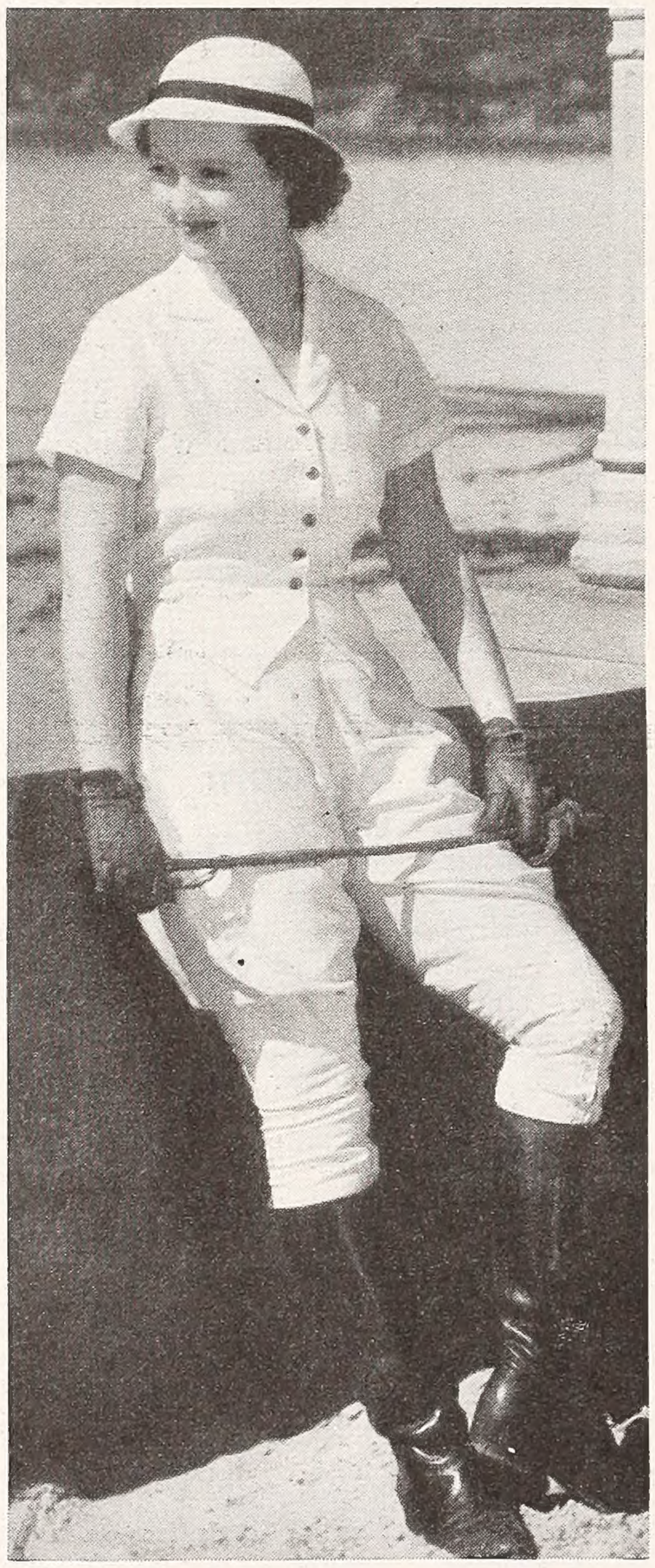
HE has given her their beautiful home. She adores the dogs, the rare Bedlingtons which Karloff raises himself. She plays on the tennis court every day. Boris himself prefers to garden. From sun-up until sunset, on the days when he is not making pictures, he can be found in an old pair of corduroy trousers and a faded shirt, digging into the soil.

"I've always loved acting," he told me once, "and you can't ask for much more than to be fairly successful at the thing you enjoy. It enables me to have and to do the things I want—to work in my garden, to play cricket, to own good books, good dogs and a good home. . . ."

Right now he's happy because the critics have called *The Invisible Ray,* his recent picture, the finest "horror" story that has ever been filmed. "It is difficult to find strong, plausible pictures when you do my type of character," he admits, "and the success of *The Invisible Ray* seems to give me a new lease on life."

The recently published list of stars who are most popular at the box-office gave Karloff a high place—another reason for happiness. And he is at present doing a film for Gaumont-British in London—a location that amounts to a vacation for him.

Perhaps you can understand now why his friends call him "the happiest man in Hollywood!"



Bette Davis, Academy award winner, will next be seen in *The Broken Arrow*. She is glimpsed here while on location at Catalina Island

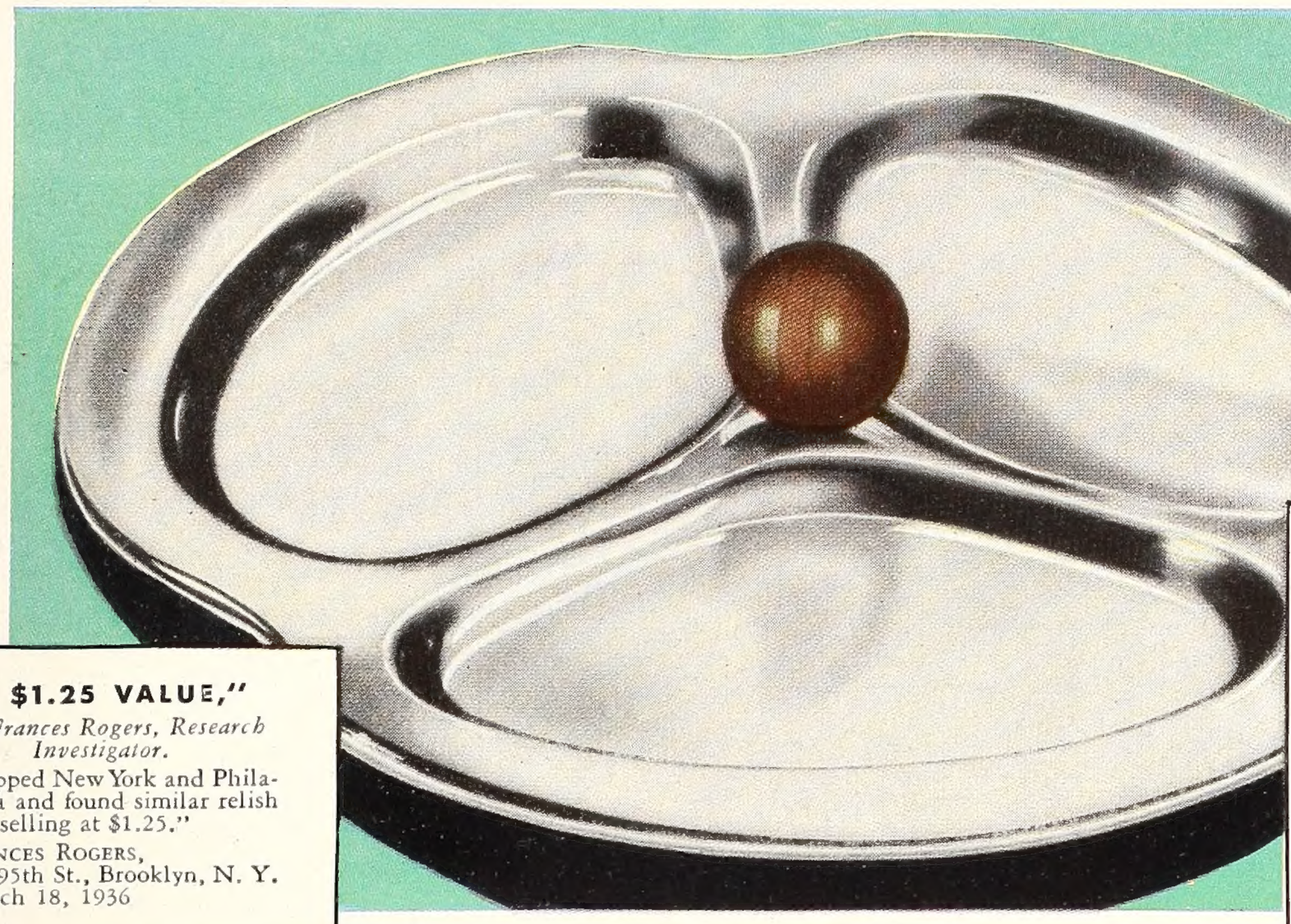
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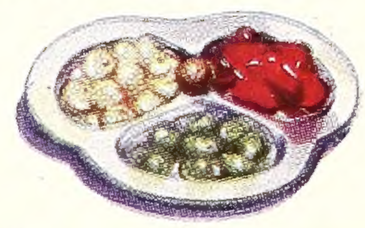
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